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CAMPAIGN INTO THE WILDERNESS

by

Richard C. Knopf

The Anthony Wayne Parkway Board,
Columbus, 10, Ohio.

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DEDICATED

To Colonel Richard Terrill Guthrie, United States Army, Retired, whose qualities as a field commander paralleled those of the man with whom this volume is concerned and whose courage, bravery, and military prowess uphold the finest traditions of the armed forces of the United States.

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Richard C. Knopf

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INTRODUCTION

From the time the white man first settled on the eastern seaboard to the time when he reached the Pacific, Indians were one of his principal concerns. They lurked in the Massachusetts woods when the Pilgrim Fathers landed there in 1620. They plundered the homes, murdered the women, and kidnapped the children of the pioneer families who lived on the ever-westward-moving frontier. They burned the 'way stations along the main routes of transportation to the new west, and, with bloody impartiality, attacked isolated towns and stockades.

As a result, the American Indian has quite generally appeared to the American mind as a red savage with painted body and evil eyes, a string of white scalps decorating his loins. So fixed has this illusion been in the minds of most individuals that parents chide their obstreperous children by referring to them, half-mockingly, as "wild Indians."

Pocahontas and Massasoit are among the relatively few who stand out in the American thought as

"good Indians," though, more often, the "good Indian is a dead Indian" is taken in earnest and as a reflection of a public sentiment and attitude which has only lately ceased to exist.

When the first white man stepped onto the North American shores, he was regarded with curiosity and suspicion by the natives. They feared him, but generally, at first, were constrained to respect him because he possessed weapons unknown to their simple life. However, as time passed, as Indians, too, learned to use the white man's "thunderbolts," the situation altered. They no longer kept a "respectable" distance from their white brethren, nor were they willing to relinquish their rights so readily to satisfy the white man's greed for land. More and more, as they were pushed farther and farther to the west, the Indians' antagonism toward the white deepened. Time after time they were cheated in their land transactions. Further and further westward they were pressed by the wave of settlement. Once across the Alleghanies, they fought with other tribes already there; fought, died, or intermingled.

The "Old Northwest" was, in reality, the last stand of the Indian people as a unified group. Under France until 1763 and under Britain until 1783, they had been little disturbed in their forest paradise. Their simple mode of living, if anything, had been made easier by the presence of white traders among them. After George III's proclamation of 1763, further settlement was prohibited, and, for a change, the red man felt secure from the pressures of white immigration.

However, when the Revolutionary War came to an end with the Treaty of Paris of 1783, the situation in the northwest began to change. Soldiers, claiming their bounty lands, moved westward. Squatters, descending the Ohio River, settled along its tributaries, and, in spite of efforts to close the region to white settlement, more and more adventurers pushed into the wilderness. One of these, William Hogland, further defied the constituted authority of the new United States by establishing a government among the squatters at Hogland's Town, not far from Pittsburgh. Even after being "burned out" several times by federal troops sent out to remove them, the followers of Hogland continued their defiance.

The Ordinance of 1787 officially opened the Northwest Territory to white, American settlement. Lands were surveyed and sold. Settlers cleared small patches for farming, and the woodman's axe cut trails through the forest.

The movement was not all peace and serenity. Far from it! Indians plundered, scalped, killed, and kidnapped. No isolated cabin or small village was ummune, and, as the Indian depredations increased in severity, the westward flow of settlers slowed to a mere trickle.

If the development of political organization is traced back to the most basic and primitive form, it is found that its primary purpose is protection. That principle remains a fundamental of all governments, no matter how simple or how complex. Hence, the Northwest Ordinance not only opened the region to settlement, but placed the responsibility of defending those pioneers upon the shoulders of the federal government.

The Indian, on the whole, was independent almost to the point of anarchy. Only his family and his own particular tribe claimed his allegiance. This, in

great measure, accounts for the fact that, on his own, he was easily displaced from his lands by the well-armed, well-organized whites. He was not match for the field piece and the musket. Yet, with an outside white force to systematize his resistance, he was a formidable foe. In the French and Indian War (1754-1763), he had helped to make situations difficult for the British, and, during the American Revolution, he had made George Rogers Clark's wilderness campaign something more than a nature hike. Now, in the last two decades of the eighteenth century, he rallied himself to meet the onslaught of the westward tide of immigration.

Behind the Indian, aiding him and abetting him, were the British in Canada. Never fully satisfied with the land cessions of the Paris Treaty of 1783, and unwilling to give up a lucrative fur trade in the northwest, they constantly urged on and supported the Indian nations against effective American occupation of the region. With the excuse that the United States had not done all in its power to carry out the treaty provisions relating to the reimbursement to loyalists for losses suffered during the war, the British held

posts along the northern border which were well within the acknowledged limits of the United States. As a matter of fact, the original order to "hold the posts" had come from George III on April 8, 1784, just one day before the official ratification of the peace treaty. This points up the fact that the British justification for the action, which came later, was little more than diplomatic eye-wash.

Great Britain, at the close of the American Revolution had settled back, assured in her own mind that the erring former colonies would never be able to function effectively as an independent nation. For the remainder of the decade, this seemed to be a fair statement of the case. Inter-state commercial warfare, unstable currencies, and a sharp decline in foreign trade appeared to be marks of a disintegrating union. The government of the Articles of Confederation was unable to cope with the multifold problems which beset the new nation.

However, after the initiation of the new government in 1789, the United States grew in strength and stature at home and among the family of nations. Many as were its problems, the governing authority began to deal fearlessly with them. To Britain, the implementation of the Ordinance of 1787 and the dispatch of General Josiah Harmar with an American army

against the Indians were blows she had not earlier dreamed possible.

While the Harmar campaign (1790) ended on an unsuccessful note, British officials in Canada were quick to see that the tide might be turned and began to strengthen their Indian allies. There still seemed to be a chance to hold the territory if the Indian menace could be made so great as to prohibit settlement. By default or fait accompli, the British hoped to achieve their ends.

Two leaders stand out prominently in this intrigue: Colonel John Graves Simcoe, governor of Upper Canada; and Alexander McKee, deputy superintendent for Indian Affairs in the Maumee Valley.

While there is nothing particularly colorful about Simcoe (he was a good soldier and administrator), McKee presents a wholly different picture. An Indian agent at Fort Pitt at the beginning of the American Revolution, he set out on March 28, 1778 with Simon Girty and Matthew Elliot to join the British at Detroit. Never in favor of the continental cause, from the time onward, he was one of the chief Britons of influence among the Indians and a constant irritant to the various men who were sent out from Philadelphia to negotiate for peace.

Geographically the Indian settlements were concentrated along the Maumee River and its tributaries. It was not that the other areas of the territory were unsuitable, but here was centered the fur trade and here were the Indian agents. Here was good transportation and communication between the Indians and the British in Upper Canada.

Harmar's march to the source of the Maumee, the seat of Indian resistance and site of the Miami Indian Villages, had ended in tragic defeat. The following year, Arthur St. Clair, soldier, statesman, and, at that time, governor of the Northwest Territory, made a new attempt to subdue the Indians. Rather than taking a circuituous route, he cut directly north from Fort Washington. Unfortunately, the Miami chieftain, Little Turtle, leader of the Indian Confederacy and the architect of Harmar's defeat, intercepted the American army on the banks of the Wabash approximately fifty miles from the target of its attack, the confluence of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's rivers. On November 4, 1791, the American force was surrounded and nearly annihilated before it broke through a section of the Indian encirclement. When the wounded and dead were wounted, St. Clair found that he had lost nine

hundred men out of an army of less than two thousand; included were some of the best officers to serve in the west.

President Washington was enraged at St. Clair's debacle. Never had an American army suffered such a humiliating defeat. The Indians were jubilant. Twice they had challenged the power and authority of the United States. Twice they had achieved victory. The Indian bravado was unbounded.

By the time of Major General Anthony Wayne's appointment as commander-in-chief of the American army, March 5, 1792, the world was in ferment. The French monarchy had foundered and fallen, and in its place was the revolutionary National Assembly. The other kingdoms of Europe, frightened and shaken, gathered forces to stamp out the Frankish heresy. By the end of 1792, all Europe was embroiled in a struggle which was to endure well into the second decade of the nineteenth century. In early 1793, Louis XVI had fallen victim to Dr. Guillotine's device of execution, and the world was taking sides in an international conflict, which, beginning as a defense of democracy, developed into a campaign of systematic aggrandizement and imperialism.

A few thousand miles of water did not prevent the spread of European strife to the United States. Still fired with the fervor of its own successful revolution, the new nation, to a great extent, favored the French rioters. When the infamous "Citizen" Genet arrived April 17, 1793, he was hailed as the personification of democracy and the revolutionary spirit by over-enthusiastic Americans. However, the more thoughtful statesmen in Philadelphia, no matter where their personal sympathies might lie in the European struggle, early realized how vital it was to keep the United States neutral. This meant not only guarding the eastern shores, but also creating a peaceful atmosphere on the western frontiers. A spark here might well force the young nation into active participation in the European conflict. At this juncture, the United States was still too weak from its pangs of birth to hazard a war. Peace alone offered an opportunity for the successful establishment of the new government.

This is not to say that peaceful negotiation with the Indians and British had not been tried. Since the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, one

peace delegation after another had been sent westward. Treaties were frequently made and just as frequently broken. St. Clair's accession to the governor's chair in the Northwest Territory had not altered this approach.

It had been St. Clair's purpose and design to make treaties with individual tribes. Thus practicing the age-old, time-worn idea of divide and rule, he had hoped to keep the Indians under control. In this he was mistaken. The Treaty of Fort Harmar is a lasting monument to his misjudgment. Negotiating with only the Wyandot, Delaware, Ottawa, Chippewa, Pattawatime, and Sac nations, he omitted the most powerful of the Indian groups, the Miamies and Shawnees. As a result, the whole series of negotiations came to naught.

However, in the spring of 1793, the Philadelphia government decided to make one more attempt at peaceful settlement of the outstanding issues. It was felt that sending John Jay to England and a peace commission to the Indians would compel the British to remove their garrisons from the northern posts and break off their all-too-friendly relations with the hostile Indians. The basis for this optimism lay in the growing intensity of Franco-British rivalry which had broken into declared war the first of February, 1793. There is no doubt

that Jay was successful in England in so far as problems of the frontier were concerned, but Upper Canada was a long way removed from the home government and was pretty much a law unto itself.

The American peace commissioners, Benjamin Lincoln, Beverley Randolph, and Timothy Pickering, set out at the end of April, 1793. They had been specifically instructed by Henry Knox, the Secretary of War, to make a lasting agreement with the hostile tribes, if possible. Among other lesser bases for such a peace, Knox made it clear that the treaties of Forts Harmar, McIntosh, and Finney (see appendix) were to be validated by this further agreement, and that all the tribes be included in order to insure a lasting peace. Because of the Indians' respect, the Society of Friends sent representatives with the commissioners. John Heckewelder, a Moravian missionary and erstwhile land speculator, also accompanied the party.

Meanwhile, Wayne had taken command of the newly organized Legion of the United States, had moved from Legion Ville, near Pittsburgh, to Hobson's Choice, just outside of the village of Cincinnati, and near Fort Washington, headquarters of the government of

the Northwest Territory. Should peace fail at the tables of the government negotiators, the armed might of the United States was poised, ready to effectively deal with this national danger and stifle any hopes of the British or Spanish for the establishment of an Indian buffer state, an event which would readily and surely stunt the growth and development of the new nation. In war or peace, the new government was prepared to act decisively.

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Notes

Treaties, proclamations, ordinances, and laws dealing with the land in the Northwest Territory are treated in: William MacDonald, Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1776-1861; William L. Langer, An Encyclopedia of World History, 516, 517, 520; Draper Collection, Wisconsin Historical Society (microfilm at the Ohio State Museum Library), 23U; and Clarence E. Carter, Territorial Papers of the United States, II, 1-18, 22-23, 39-50. Indian affairs are included in: Wayne Collection,

from the Historical Society of Pennsylvania (microfilm at the Ohio State Museum Library), XXXIII, doc. 101. A guide to the diplomacy of the period is in Samuel F. Bemis, Jay's Treaty. Official documents of the period are in the American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I, 340-342, 481. An account of the Hogland government is the topic of Randolph C. Downes' "Ohio's Squatter Governor: William Hogland of Hoglandstown," in the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly, XLII, 273-282. An exchange of letters between Hogland, the "governor" and Gen. Hamar, leader of the troops sent to remove the squatters is found in the William L. Clements Library: "Petition of William Hogland and John Nixon 'In Behalf of the Inhabitants of the Western Side of Ohio," dated Aug. 30, 1785; and "General Josiah Harmar to the Inhabitants of the Western Side of the Ohio River," dated Sept. 6, 1785. Francis B. Heitman's Historical Register of the United States Army, I, is a fine guide to short biographical sketches of the military men of the period; see: I, 501, 1010 re: Harmar and St. Clair. The British side of this situation is found in E. A. Cruikshank's The Correspondence of John Graves Simcoe, II; and

Consul W. Butterfield, History of the Girtys, 59-64. Calvin M. Young's Little Turtle gives the viewpoint of this Miami chief at the time of the Indian Wars, 82. While there are many accounts of the fateful St. Clair expedition, the more available ones are the following: Charles Cist, Sketches and Statistics of Cincinnati in 1859, 78-84; Henry Howe, Historical Collections of Ohio, II, 226-228; "Journal of the Proceedings of St. Clair's Army," in the American Pioneer, II, 135-138; "Winthrop Sargent's Diary While with General Arthur St. Clair's Expedition," in the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly, XXXIII, 237-273; and Henry Knox's report on the causes of St. Clair's defeat in the American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I, 197-198. Military laws of the period are recordd in John F. Callan, Military Laws of the United States, 63-64. Henry C. Shetrone's "The Indian in Ohio," in the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly, XXVII, 274-508, is probably the best account of the Ohio Indians available. A map opposite 302 is especially valuable.

CHAPTER I

HOBSON'S CHOICE - 1793

The camp on the north bank of the Ohio River, just east of the mouth of Mill Creek, rang with noise in the mid-morning sunshine. At one end, in the cleared parade ground, smartly-dressed soldiers wheeled and turned to the sharp commands of a corpulent but none-the-less military sergeant. Down by the river men helped to unload the boats just come from Pittsburgh. Barrels of flour were rolled ashore amidst the bawling of cattle which feared the walk over the short space of water from the boat to the land. In the center of this chaotic activity stood the headquarters building, nothing more than a two-roomed log hut where the commander-in-chief lived and carried on the business of commanding an army. Only the fifteen-starred American flag seemed calm as it waved gently in the breeze.

Inside the confusion was a duplicate of that without. Lean-faced Lieutenant William Henry Harrison and unsmiling Captain Henry DeButts sat at crude tables on either side of the main door, handling the routine

affairs of the Legion. In the inner office, the commander-in-chief, coat off and in his shirt sleeves, lay on his bunk studying the letters which had arrived with the morning post. There was one from Daniel Kinsten, pleading to be reinstated as an ensign for the ensuing campaign and a report on the drawing for relative rank of officers for Wayne's examination. Finally, there was a long epistle from Charles Hyde asking for an appointment as Judge Advocate. The general rolled over on his side, took a fresh, sharp, goose quill and a scrap of paper, noting for Captain DeButts, "Appoint Hyde J.A."

Day after day, the same routine went on. The same drilling, the same petty squabbling, the same protestations from contractors who maintained that they could not move the supplies for the army any faster than they were already doing. Wayne looked down over his short, stout body to his swelled feet which were propped up on a cushion at the foot of his bed. Gouty and sore, he cursed the throbbing pain that pulsed through his body.

"Was it not enough to worry about supplies, a motley crew of old reprobates for an army, and the petty irritations and jealousies of his officers without being racked with the continual ache of his

swollen and inflamed limbs? My God, what devilish demons of hell have forced such a destiny upon me. Other men of my age and station in life are gentlemen of leisure who ride to the hounds or gather in the town pubs to make merry over a boot of beer. Not so this Anthony Wayne!"

A military hero perhaps he was, but, business-wise, he had failed miserably. A land speculation scheme in Nova Scotia before the Revolution had started him off on the wrong foot. His estate in Georgia was mortgaged to the hilt, and the family home at Waynesborough suffered from fluctuating fortunes.

One would have thought to talk with this man that he had no family, and, in a way, he did not. Polly, his wife, had been scarcely more to him than a passing fancy, and his children, Isaac and Margaretta, were little more than strangers. He seldom took time to write or visit them.

"Polly," he mused, "was a good housewife and mother, but a dull companion. But, perhaps, had I been a better husband, I would not be in this damned hole now."

However, inwardly, he knew that the gay life of Philadelphia had spoiled him for the enjoyment of his country home and family. The beribboned belles who

strolled down Arch and Market streets always tintilated him more than dour, plain, old Polly.

Perhaps, after all, the army was really meant to be Wayne's home and family. The excitement of the camp, the reedy sound of martial music, and the small of burnt powder always stirred him and showed him off at his best. There, too, were the women around the camp; not the ordinary prostitutes who washed and cooked for the soldiers during the day and shared their cots at night, but the wives of the officers and the women of refinement from nearby Cincinnati, who could sit at his dinner table and sip wine before his fire. Their perfumed hair, low-cut bodices, and sweet voices somewhat mitigated the humdrum and monotony of camp life. Wayne could even bear the company of doughty old Arthur St. Clair, and the crafty Wilkinson if interesting feminine companions flanked him at supper.

"However, enough of this idle musing. To work!"

Wayne dropped his gouty feet to the floor, drew on his carefully tailored jacket, and strode out onto the parade ground. A lesser man, giving in to his physical discomforts might have limped, but a leader of men STRODE!

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Notes

The name, Hobson's Choice, was a contemporary vernacular term meaning no choice at all. It arose from the practice of a 17th century English livery-stable operator who always rented out the horse which stood nearest the door.

Wayne insisted upon dashing uniforms for dress wear. Each sub legion was distinguished by the trim of the uniform and the color of the feathers in the hats: 1st - white, 2d - red, 3d - yellow, 4th -green. A description of the uniform (with illustrations) is found in H. Charles McBarron Jr., and Frederick P. Todd's, "Infantry of the Legion," in the Military Collector and Historian, IV, 64-65.

Biographical sketches of Hyde, Harrison, DeButts, and St. Clair are found in F. B. Heitman, Historical Register of the United States Army, I, 561, 506, 363-364, 1037 respectively. The best biography of Wayne is Harry E. Wildes' Anthony Wayne (1941).

Supply of the army was done on a contractual basis. Private firms were employed by the government to purchase necessary items and transport them to the scenes of military activity. The quartermaster distributed the supplies within the army. While many

companies were engaged in this sort of business, Elliot and Williams was the largest and most important.

It was the custom at this time to decide officer seniority within rank by lottery. This was known as "arranging" the officers. See: Wayne Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, XXIX, docs. 32, 35, 37.

CHAPTER II

NIGHT IN THE WESTERN COUNTRY

Lengthening evening shadows stretched across the camp at Hobson's Choice. The men huddled in groups around the smoky camp-fires, cooking their evening meals; moistened flour rolled around a stick and baked, and a piece of beef or pork boiled in an iron kettle. Some of the men flavored the thin broth with wild herbs or surrepticiously obtained vegetables from a farmer's garden.

The commander-in-chief stood on the steps of his hut. He was proud of the camp kettles which Isaac Craig, the deputy quartermaster at Pittsburgh, had shipped down the Ohio to the army. Now the men could get the full benefit from their meals. There would be no more loss of nutriment from the meat by frying or broiling. Wayne wanted to see his men well nourished. Any fool knew that any other means of cooking than boiling meant the loss of the sweet jûices and energy-giving parts of the meat. Perhaps boiled pork wasn't so tasty, but the men would profit by his order to follow his instructions in bodily health.

The general, satisfied with what he saw, turned and walked into the candle-lit interior of his headquarters. Harrison and DeButts had left, and only a single candle stood on the table. His orderly had placed his gruel on the fire. His clay pipe, a gift from Sharp Delaney, an old friend near Waynesborough, lay waiting his firm grasp on the mantle-piece. A fresh bottle of Maderia stood on the table to slake his thirst and warm his inner parts.

This was the moment of the day Wayne looked forward to, unmolested and undisturbed by the business of the camp. It was understood by his staff that, in the evening hours, he was to be left completely alone. These were his personal moments.

The general took his pipe, carefully knocked out the cold ashes, and dropped heavily into the chair before the smoldering fire. Slowly he drew off his heavy boots from his swollen legs, loosened his collar, and settled back, sighing audibly. Filling his pipe, he drew strongly on it until the air was hazy with its burning fragrance. A quick gulp of the Maderia, and he relaxed, soothed by the warming spirits and narcotic-like smoke of his pipe.

"What an army," he mused, "and what a mess I've inherited. Poor old St. Clair. He's lost the military touch. Perhaps some day I'll be in the same shape, but as long as I can mount a horse and give intelligent commands, I'll bring order out of chaos."

Perhaps Wayne was thinking of the Harmar defeat and of St. Clair's fiasco, but more probably he was recalling the difficulties which had surrounded his own appointment. After all, he had been Washington's choice over such gallants as "Lighthorse" Henry Lee, George Rogers Clark, and James Wilkinson, all of the men of proven ability.

"But," thought Wayne, "none really as capable as I. Take this Wilkinson fellow, for instance. A crafty rascal. Ambitious too. Jealous of me on more than one score."

He laughed to himself. "Jealous of my command and jealous of my solicitude for his wife!"

Here Wayne thought of Ann Biddle Wilkinson, the fair-skinned, flashing-eyed beauty of Philadelphia who had become Wilkinson's wife. How far removed she was from her element, the gay and cultured life of the

capitol, and yet how well she bore the crudeness and rough life of the wilderness.

"A diamond sparkling in the dark," he mumbled, "but she loves old Wilkinson or she would hot have endured so much to be with him."

No amount of imagination could convince Wayne that his attentions, even if he desired them to, could win her away. A long ignited spark of interest smoldered in his breast, but he knew that it could never be blown into a full flame. He dismissed it from his thoughts. He still could admire what he could not hope to have.

"How strange that a man could be so successful in a contest of arms, but so readily defeated in a struggle of the heart."

The general took a long draught of the wine, sweet and warm. With a flip of the poker, he turned the logs and the flames sent showers of sparks up the chimney. The brightly, flickering light made crazy patterns across the darkened room. Heated by the sudden burst of fire, the gruel gurgled and emitted a most delicious odor.

Wayne pulled the kettle onto the hearth and gingerly

lifted the lid. The escaping steam momentarily blinded him and made his eyes smart. Tears rolled down his beardless cheeks. Grasping the ladle firmly, he poured the brew into his bowl and tasting it, smacked his lips in satisfaction.

Having finished his fare, he once again sat back and thought deeply of the campaign which lay ahead.

He was confident of success, of course. No general worth his salt could be otherwise.

"Victory or defeat is a frame of mind," he thought.

Still, since St. Clair's debacle, the Indian resistance had grown to startling proportions. Reports of scalpings, rapings, burnings, and pillagings constantly poured in. No settlement was safe. Even the hardiest of the frontiersmen were losing hope.

But Wayne was also aware that this Indian business was not limited to a few savage raids here and there. He knew the source of the trouble lay beneath this facade of Indian uprisings. His scouts and confidential agents had told him repeatedly how the British in Canada were supplying and organizing the Indian force. He knew the tricks of the wiley McKee and the duplicity of Lord Dorchester, the Canadian governor-general. It

was no secret that if he failed to turn the tide, the Philadelphia group would give up the battle, and that Britain would enter the void and secure the northwest to her Canadian domain.

"The damned British," Wayne told himself, "using a bunch of poor, devil savages to achieve their selfish ends."

He poked the fire vigorously, remembering Paoli and Stoney Point. The sparks flew wildly, and one bright ember landed on his leg, quickly burning a hole in his silken breeches.

"Damn," he bellowed, slapping out the spark.

"So, John Jay had gone to England to get a treaty of amity and commerce. Amity," he chuckled, "from the Latin 'amo,' I love. What foolishness. The only time the British think of amity is when they're pressed to the wall and yealing for mercy. Certainly the French situation isn't going that badly. Of course, so long as these wild-eyed democratic revolutionists are loose in Europe, old George III's head is in danger of rolling."

This last pleasant thought only added to his warm feeling of self-satisfaction.

Perhaps Wayne did not correctly evaluate the effects of the French Revolution and its concurrent European wars as a balance to this western trouble, but he had little faith in the wordy paneceas which were being mouthed in the halls of congress. He looked for no easy way out and prepared his army for combat. Drilling his troops unmercifully at times and meting out harsh justice, he was literally whipping into shape an army prepared to meet any eventuality.

This was not a job easily done. The training, first at Legion Ville, near Pittsburgh, and now at Hobson's Choice, just outside of Cincinnati, had gone well. But Wayne did not deceive himself. He was not a personally popular commander, not that he had ever strived to be, but there were times when such popularity would have helped.

However, if not popular, he was respected. No soldier bore any greater hardships. On the march, he always was in the lead. If he ever experienced fear or anxiety, he was careful not to show it, even to his staff.

But his brave example had not been enough. His army was divided in its allegiance, torn between respect

for his own military prowess and loyalty to the men who had preceded him in the West.

The leader of the antagonism was Brigadier General James Wilkinson. Around him swarmed the malcontents, those whose military ambitions had been trampled or who had felt the quick last of Wayne's discipline and temper.

There was no doubting that Wilkinson was a soldier of merit. Following St. Clair's defeat, he had revived the beaten army and renewed courage in the trembling hearts of the frontiersmen. He had manned the forts and had brought order out of chaos. He had expected to be rewarded with the command of the army. When this did not occur, disappointed and disillusioned, he began an undercover campaign to discredit Wayne.

The commander-in-chief was not ignorant of this enmity, but even to his closest friends, he had dared not confide his distrust of this man. In order to preserve the outward unity of his command, he did nothing to facilitate an open break. He observed the social amenities, but kept close watch for results of Wilkinson's disaffection.

What Wayne did not know was that at this very moment Wilkinson was in the pay of the Spanish, who, with Britain, hoped for the dissolution of United States' power in the West. However, such excesses were not practiced by other officers in the anti-Wayne force. While they resented this arrogant commander, none stooped to treason.

Wayne drew strongly on his pipe. The gray clouds of smoke rose lightly and faded into the dark shadows of the dimly-lit room. A sudden gust extinguished the feeble candle, but Wayne did not bother to re-light it. This had been a trying day and he was worn out.

The general rested peacefully in his chair. The reflections of the fire-light on his face made him one moment appear ghoulish and the next saintly. But he was no saint. Only this morning a man had been given fifty lashes for carrying a side of beef on his shoulder and thus soiling his shirt.

"Poor devil," murmured Wayne silently, "he fell after the first thirty strokes of the whip. God knows, if Allison hadn't been there to stop the beating, he may have died. Yet, my specific orders against

such conduct were disobeyed. I'll check tomorrow to see if the fellow can take the other twenty. I doubt it though. He was bleeding badly when they took him off the post. Perhaps day after tomorrow."

Some men felt that Wayne was cruel, even sadistic. Yet, the old general had dealt with soldiers too long to depend upon leniency. Often he had told his staff that a rule was not made to be broken; punishment for infractions should be swift and sure.

Conditions in the service did not encourage light discipline. Many of the men had enlisted against their wills. Some had actually been impressed into the army by a clever recruiter's hoax. A few dollars spent at a local grog shop often turned the trick. Once intoxicated, the men signed away their freedom. Awakening from their inebriation, they found themselves in the service of their country.

Drunkenness, too, plagued Wayne's every step. Seldom did an evening pass that some poor soul, tarrying too long with Bacchus, fail to start a fight or rouse the camp. Officers were not exempt and shared punishments equal to those meted out to the rank and file.

Perhaps the most continued breach of army discipline was desertion. It was a common affair and even Wayne's stringent methods to combat it seemed ineffective. Deserters were branded, flogged, hung, and shot. Still the men left camp. Recently Wayne had approved a sentence on five deserters: four were to be hung by the fifth. Harsh? Of course, but necessary.

Just then a woman's shriek pierced the stillness of the night, closely followed by shouts and general tumult.

"That Sprague woman again," signed Wayne, but he made no move to investigate the noise which rose and fell from one quarter of the camp.

"I don't know why I didn't drum her out of camp a long time ago, but it's too late now."

The yell and the angry, abusive language which cut through the silence of the night recalled to the general's mind the first time he had encountered Polly Sprague. That had been nearly a year ago, at Pittsburgh, October, 1792. Polly, the wife of Sergeant Abel Sprague of Ballard Smith's company had started a riot. A soldier had complained of the noise

she was making during a quarrel with her husband. Finally, in defiance, he had blown out a candle which was being brought her. Then the trouble had begun. Polly had knocked down the soldier, then had run off to Captain Smith's tent shouting: "I'm the little queen who can whip Sergeant Tharp.".

Wayne laughed to himself. Ballard Smith had had more than a passing interest in this affair, for Polly was not only Sergeant Sprague's wife, but Captain Smith's acknowledged mistress!

After another brawl in the captain's own tent, Polly had spent the night in the captain's bed, amidst the repeated complaints of her husband. The following morning, the battalion commander, upon the request of Polly's husband and Sergeant Tharp, had sent a guard to arrest her, but the captain had refused to allow it. Lieutenant Harrison, on the scene, had actually struck at the sergeant of the guard and barred the door with his sword, defying the guard admittance to take the woman.

A court martial had convened, listened, and passed judgment upon the captain for drunkeness, keeping a mistress, and encouraging brawling within his own tent.

A frown wrinkled Wayne's brow as he recalled the light sentence - six months relief of command. Other men had been cashiered for less, and Wayne had complained bitterly of the "mild" punishment to the court.

Polly Sprague? She was back with her husband, quarreling regularly, but Captain Smith had avoided intervention.

Drunkenness, adultery, disobedience; they were all there. Wayne coped with each one as effectively as he knew how.

Polly Sprague's ranting had been silenced and the camp was quiet again. Wayne's fire had nearly burned out. He drew out his watch from his waistcoat pocket and noted that it was nearly midnight. Though he had been dozing, he felt that it was now time for bed. Carefully, he banked the fire and retired to the room at the rear. The muffled tread of the guard as he walked his post lulled the general into a deep slumber.

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Notes

Fort Washington, near which was Wayne's Hobson's Choice camp, was built in 1789 by Major John Doughty, one of Harmar's officers. For many years it served as the base of operations for armies in the West. The

recent accounts are: Richard C. Knopf, et. al., "Fort Washington, Re-Discovered," in the Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, XI, 1-12; and "Structural Features of the Fort Washington Powder Magazine," in the same periodical, XI, 320-326.

The town of Cincinnati, which lay near Fort Washington, was originally called Losantiville, but was later renamed Cincinnati in honor of the Society of Cincinnatus. The name Losantiville had been applied by John Filson, one of the founders of the town: "L" for Licking River, "os" for mouth, "anti" for opposite, "ville" for town.

The best account of Jay's mission to the Court of St. James is S. F. Bemis', Jay's Treaty. The men considered for the command of the army are discussed in Harry E. Wildes', Anthony Wayne, 346-349. The most intimate views of Wilkinson are found in his own Memoirs (3 vols), or in Daniel Clark's Proofs of the Corruption of General James Wilkinson. A creditable biography of this somewhat chequered character is James R. Jacob's Tarnished Warrior.

Duties of physicians and their role in public floggings as well as punishments for various crimes

are found particularly in the Wayne Collection, XLIX; Clarence M. Burton, ed., "General Wayne's Orderly Book," in the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections, XXIV, 347-733; and Richard C. Knopf, "Report on Surgeons of the Indian Wars, An Historical Analysis," in the Ohio Medical Journal, Nov. and Dec., 1952. The story of Polly Sprague is found in the Wayne Collection, XLIX, doc. 38. Wayne's own account of recruitment and drunkeness is located throughout his correspondence, but see, Wayne Collection, XXXIII, doc. 65; XXIX, doc. 111. Callan's Military Laws outlines the organization of the army.

CHAPTER III

THE PEACE COMMISSION OF 1793

While Wayne assembled and drilled his force at Hobson's Choice, an American peace commission was making its way to the Indians congregated in the Maumee Valley and Sandusky region. Travel was difficult. The traveller had to be prepared for every contingency. Clothing, food to last between stops at settlements, a certain number of medicinal herbs, and equipment for pitching overnight camps in the wilderness: there were travel necessities. However, the official who made such an extended expedition must not only be assured of having his personal effects with him, but, further, had to carry such other items as might been needed during the course of his work.

The three commissioners, Beverley Randolph, Timothy Pickering, and Benjamin Lincoln, spent nearly two months in preparation for the journey. Copies of the treaties of Fort McIntosh, Fort Finney, and Fort Harmar were carefully wrapped in oiled paper and placed securely in saddlebags. Upon these they were to base their talks with the Indian Confederacy.

Henry Knox, in presenting the instructions to the commissioners, had been explicit in the demands to be made of the Indians.

"Gentlemen, each of you has a copy of the general instructions for your conduct as commissioners of the United States to the Indian Confederacy. Remember that only an agreement based upon the treaties given you will be acceptable. Peace of war lies in the hands of the Indians and your negotiations with them."

The treaties to which Secretary Knox referred had previously established a boundary which generally ran up the Cuyahoga River and across the portage to the forks of the Muskingum. From that point, the boundary ran almost due west to the Wabash. North and west of this line was Indian country; south and east was the region set aside for American settlement.

The commissioners nodded their heads, acknowledging their full understanding of the instructions.

Knox continued:

"It is our understanding that certain British-Canadian representatives will be present at your talks. Perhaps they want to come only out of curiosity; perhaps to undermine your efforts. In any case, you will be

polite, admit them to your parleys, and listen to what advice they might have to offer. But, you must remain steadfast in your purpose."

Beverley Lincoln, the leader of the three, asked who the British representatives would be.

"Most probably Alexander McKee, the British Indian agent, and some of Colonel Simcoe's lieutenants," replied Knox. "Be particularly careful of McKee. He's crafty and has great influence among the Indians."

There being no further questions, the newly appointed commissioners rose, bade Knox good day and walked toward the door. Just as Pickering lifted the latch, Knox called out one final word of warning;

"Keep your instructions to yourselves and admit no one to your councils who are not official representatives. We want no outside interference. What transpires at the conferences will be wholly the business of the parties involved."

Randolph and Pickering set out the following day; Lincoln, taking charge of the baggage, left on April twenty-seventh. The first two men took an overland route through Pennsylvania and New York to the Genessee River. Lincoln, moving more slowly, went up the Hudson

and Mohawk rivers to Oswego, there to await transportation to the Canadian government headquarters at Niagara. Being unencumbered with the heavy baggage, Randolph and Pickering reached Queenstown, on the Niagara River, May seventeenth. Here they were entertained royally by the lieutenant governor, John Graves Simcoe. Eight days later, tired from the grueling trip, Lincoln joined his compatriots. No incidents had hindered the travel of any of the three.

The commissioners, at this time, were in no hurry to get to the place designated for the council, near Sandusky. It had been previously arranged that Governor Simcoe would put a boat at their disposal to take them there. The talks were not to begin until about the first of June and the travellers needed some rest. However, as the meeting time approached and no boat was forthcoming, the Americans began to be concerned. For the moment they were put at east by a letter from Colonel McKee stating that the Indians would not be assembled until the end of June.

This news did not dishearten Messrs. Lincoln, Pickering, and Randolph. Upon arrival at Niagara, they found that sufficient wampum was not on hand,

that the medical supply box had been forgotten in the last minute rush in Philadelphia, and that the interpreters had not yet arrived. The respite of a month gave promise of fulfilling these needs. Isaac Craig, the deputy quartermaster at Pittsburgh, was applied to for help.

However, as they waited for the forgotten supplies and needed interpreters, news came to them which was not very pleasing. It was said that Governor Simcoe had advised the Indians to make peace, but not to give up their lands.

Benjamin Lincoln was distressed over this report:

"If Simcoe and his men are already working to obstruct a satisfactory settlement, what chance have we to achieve anything in council?"

"The news does look bad, but let's not get alarmed yet," said Randolph. "Perhaps the report isn't true, and, even if it is, we might be able to curb Simcoe's efforts."

"How?" remonstrated Lincoln, with just a touch of sarcasm in his voice. "Here we are, hedged in at Niagara; how, if you please, do we spike the British intrigue?"

Pickering, who had been walking the floor of the room, pondering the state of affairs, suddenly brightened. He knocked out his pipe on the hearth fender and spoke:

"Why not send a note to Simcoe telling him of the reports we've received. Naturally, he will deny such activities, but in any case he will know that we suspect intrigue and will probably curtail his 'advices' to save face and to keep up good outward appearances."

The suggestion was enthusiastically received by the other two men and a note, couched in the most polite and diplomatic phraseology, was sent to the governor.

His reply was likewise courteous. As Pickering had prophesied, he denied giving advice to the Indians. He said that he understood the good intentions of the commissioners. However, at the end of the note, he made his own position quite clear:

"Ever since the conquest of Canada, it has been the British principle to unite the American Indians in order to extinguish all their petty jealousies, and that the real wishes of the several tribes might be fully expressed. In consequence, all treaties made

with them will have a complete ratification. Unfortunately, a deep-seated impression has been made upon the Indians that the Americans are trying to divide them."

The commissioners understood perfectly what Simcoe meant. While they were angry with his reply, they remembered St. Clair's old divide and rule policy and perceived clearly what its effect had been. However, now that they knew the British position, they became more impatient to meet the Indians. Every hour counted.

"If the entire confederacy assembles," said Pickering, "and the British manage to convince them of our base designs, we are through."

Lincoln sadly nodded his head in agreement. Randolph filled his glass to the brim with the sweet, red wine provided by his British host.

Meanwhile, the interpreters, wampum, and supplied arrived at Niagara. When the Indians gave the word, the American peace commission was ready to set sail for the council.

As June passed and still no word came, the Commissioners began to worry in earnest. Certainly

it would not take a month to assemble Indians, the most of whom lived in the near vicinity of Sandusky. Finally, on July fifth, a deputation arrived. Captain Brant of the Six Nations was the leader. He asked for a council to convene at Niagara immediately.

The council did meet, July seventh, and lasted three days. Brant, clothed in the uniform of a British army officer, his silver cross flashing in the sunlight, unhesitatingly gave the Indian view:

"Brothers of the fifteen fires. We have not met with you in full council because of the war-like acts of your army in our lands. General Wayne has moved much provision to posts far within our hunting grounds. Our women and children are frightened. They ask: 'Is this how the fifteen fires propose for peace?' We do not know the answer."

The commissioners looked at each other in amazement. Wayne had been specifically and pointedly ordered to refrain from any activities which might appear to be war-like. Who did he think he was to thwart the efforts of peaceful negotiators?

Brant noticed the perplexion of the commissioners and continued more surely:

"Brothers, our nations hold the lands north and west of the Ohio in common. We wish to treat with you, but must be assured that you have the power to make peace."

Brant was an impressive speaker. Now fifty-one years old, he was one of the chief spokesmen of the Indians. His education had been a fine one, received in a school at Lebanon, Connecticut. A religious man, he had already helped to translate the New Testament and a history of the Bible into Mohawk. As a matter of fact, most of his time was spent in evangelizing among the Indians. The commissioners respected him and asked to delay their reply until the following day. If possible, Brant should not be offended.

That night the commissioners worked feverishly in their quarters to prepare an answer to the chief's speech. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke as the three men put the final touches on the document which they would present.

"That does it," said Lincoln, as he hastily scrawled his signature on the last page of the reply. "I hope that this will ease the minds of the Indians."

Pickering fanned himself with an old copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Sweat rolled down his cheeks in large, salty drops. Not a breath of air stirred. The stagnant atmosphere of the room was oppressive. Randolph, lying on a low couch, sighed and mopped his brow.

"My God, what heat," said Lincoln as he removed his square-lensed spectacles and pushed himself back from the table; "and I thought Philadelphia was miserable in summer!"

Randolph slapped at a pesky mosquito which had landed on his arm. The air was full of them, come up from their lowland breeding places along the river.

"Heat or no heat," Pickering mumbled, "I'm going to get some rest."

He bade the other goodnight and trudged off to an adjoining room.

"I'm too hot to go to bed, Ben," said Randolph. "Put out the candle and we can relax here a while. The light seems to draw these damned bugs."

With the candle snuffed out, the moonlight streamed in through the open windows. The guard was silouetted

against the open door of the fort. The fresh, night sounds drifted in from the river bottom.

The following morning the American statement was read. The Indians were assured that the President of the United States had forbidden any war-like acts; further that the commissioners had full power to make a boundary line and negotiate a settlement of all differences. The Indians expressed their satisfaction with the statement, and, after several elaborate speeches, left the commissioners, promising to escort them to the place of council when the Indians were all assembled.

After Brant, his nephew, and the Shawnee chief, Cat's Eyes, had marched through the door, Lincoln smiled and turned to his fellow diplomats:

"So far, so good. The Indians are happy with our point of view and seemed convinced that we mean them no harm."

Colonel Simcoe, who had been an observer at the meeting, replied:

"Yes, they appear satisfied. However, gentlemen, so that your hopes may not exceed your reason, I believe that you should realize that Brant is not so important among the chiefs as he once was. Of late

he has shown predilictions toward the United States which are not generally shared by the other Indians."

The commissioners seemed somewhat concerned over this statement. They thanked Simcoe for his warning, but, as they returned to their quarters, they could not help but be happy over this meeting.

One matter, however, had irritated them. General Wayne obviously had not obeyed orders. His hostile actions had delayed the council and had probably worked against the best interests of the peace commission.

As they walked to their rooms, they coupled Simcoe's statement with the complaint of Brant and soon realized that they must immediately take steps to prevent Wayne's further movement. Writing to Secretary Knox concerning their interview with the Indian delegation, they concluded:

". . . The measures pursued by General Wayne appear to have produced [an] . . . unhappy effect . . . It is obvious that, to ensure a quiet, uninterrupted treaty, the cattle, horses, and troops, beyond what are proper for the posts themselves, should not be advanced from the Ohio; any that are now in advance,

beyond Fort Jefferson, should certainly be immediately withdrawn. . ."

"Wayne won't like this," said Pickering after reading what Lincoln had written.

"Probably not, but there is no reason why an impetuous army officer should ruin chances for peace," replied Lincoln.

"Wayne always did like the smell of fresh blood," grimly chuckled Randolph. "Perhaps he doesn't want this council to be a success."

On the tenth of July the commission set sail for Detroit, this spot being nearer to the appointed site of the council. However, it was the twenty-ninth before they again heard from the Indians. This time the Indian spokesman was a Wyandot, Chief Sa-wagh-da-wunk (Carry one about). Captain Brant was not in the delegation. His speech was short and to the point: the Indians wanted the Ohio River as the boundary. The commissioners were taken aback. In spite of the American protests, the Indian delegation remained unmoved. Simon Girty translated Sa-wagh-da-wunk's reply: the delegation would return to the Indian Confederacy with the commissioners' statement; meanwhile the representatives of the fifteen fires would wait for an

answer from the Confederacy.

Saying this, Sa-wagh-dawwunk and his companions stalked out of the room. Girty looked at the commissioners, smiled a knowing smile, and followed his Indian confederates.

"Now what do we do," exclaimed Pickering, throwing up his hands in despair.

"Wait, Tim, just wait - and hope," replied Lincoln, trying to force a smile.

And they did wait. They cooled their collective heels in Upper Canada, waiting for the Indians to make a decision. They had been hampered, hoodwinked, and hindered by the British - always politely and courteously, of course. They had lost patience often, but, at the moment it was the only virtue they could profitably cultivate. Some messages were sent to the Maumee Rapids, but it was not until Friday, August sixteenth, that an answer came. It was negative throughout. The Confederacy wanted a confirmation of the Ohio River boundary. Nothing less would suffice.

Hearing this, Lincoln, sternly and assuredly replied:

"The negotiation is therefore at an end. We

sincerely regret that peace is not the reult; but knowing the liberal and upright views of the United States, which, as far as you gave us an opportunity, we have explained to you, we trust that impartial judges will not attribute the continuance of the war to them."

The Indian messenger stood unresponsive to Lincoln's statement and the commissioner continued, not knowing whether the savage understood or not:

"Tomorrow we shall give you a formal answer for delivery to your chiefs. You will call for it in the morning."

The Indian warrior nodded, turned, and left the room. For a moment, the commissioners stared at each other in bewilderment.

"Gentlemen, we're homeward bound," said Lincoln, breaking the silence. "Pack your baggage and prepare to sail with the first favorable wind. I'll send an answer to these arrogant savages."

The next morning the official answer was handed to the young warrior. Though he may not have known it, he was carrying with him what was, in effect, a declaration of war:

"Brothers, We came hither with the most sincere desire to make a peace that would be beneficial to the Indians, as well as to the United States; and, had such a peace been accomplished, we felt a confidence, that the justice and humanity of the United States, according to their present views of Indian affairs, would not only have continued but extended their beneficence to the Indian nations, and, so far as it depended on them, have rendered the peace as lasting as the hills; and we should have been extremely happy in laying the foundation of so much good.

"We have now only to return home, and report our proceedings to the President of the United States. We shall sail with the first fair wind for Fort Erie."

"Mouth of the Detroit River, 16th August, 1793.

Benjamin Lincoln

Beverley Randolph

Timothy Pickering

Commissioners of the United States"

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The official account of the proceedings of the peace commission are found in the American State Papers, Indian

Affairs, I, 340-360.

The Treaty of Fort Stanwix, which the Indians wanted honored, is found in the Draper MSS, 23U.

The British viewpoint is reviewed in the Correspondence of John Graves Simcoe, I, 330-331, 331-332, 336-337, 338-344, 349-350, 350-351, 351-352, 352-416, passim; II, 1-48, passim.

CHAPTER IV

THE GAUNTLET IS THROWN DOWN

Wayne, at Hobson's Choice, had not been ignorant of what had passed at the Indian councils. From the very outset, he had deprecated the idea of peaceful solution to the Indian problem. British influence and intrigue were too strong among the powerful Indian tribes to be overcome by negotiation. Never had the Indians seriously sought a peaceful solution with him; he who commanded the only force which they could possible understand. Wayne, noting the apathetic stand of Philadelphia on this matter, had often repeated to himself a favorite and guiding phrase: "to be on the defensive is to invite defeat."

The commander-in-chief always steered clear of the defensive. In spite of Philadelphia's penchant for peaceful settlement, he had never really slackened his efforts to collect, organize, supply, and drill his troops. In some respects, he had ignored his orders concerning seeming hostile actions; that is, if providing for a well-supplied and well-trained army was an hostile act. Yet, he knew that if peace efforts failed, and he was

positive they would, he would be compelled to act with alacrity. Not a moment could be lost in making an immediate advance.

By the same token, Wayne did not feel compelled to await official orders to renew the war. A delay of three or four weeks might bring on a serious disaster. Therefore, he had sent William Wells, his most trusted scout, to sit in on the Indian councils. Wells was to report on the decisions of the Indians immediately, following which Wayne planned to move his army in a bold counter-stroke.

Wells was an excellent choice for this task. Even though still young in years, his experience with the Indians was broad and thorough. When only fourteen, he had been captured by the savages and adopted as one of their own. Among them he was known by his Indian name of "Black Snake." As an acknowledged member of the Miami tribe of Little Turtle, he had taken Little Turtle's daughter for his wife and had planned to live out his years among the red men. However, following St. Clair's defeat, he left his Indian friends and returned to his white brethren. Little Turtle himself,

it is said, bade Wells a sad goodbye on the banks of the Maumee.

Just how Wells was able to return freely to the Indian councils is not completely understood. Perhaps other chiefs did not know of his new activities with Wayne's army. Perhaps, as sometimes happened, he was not even recognized as a white man. Under any circumstance, he was accepted by the Indian council. He spoke their languages fluently and, perhaps sometimes unfortunately, partook too vigorously of their strong drink.

Soon after the first of July, Wells had made his way northward from Hobson's Choice. On the night of September fifteenth, he returned, tired and completely worn out from the long journey.

Wayne had just finished his current dispatches and was adjusting the heavy flannel bandages on his legs when a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," he called, straightening in his chair and pulling up his long, white stockings to cover his bandaged limbs.

The door opened and the guard stepped in. He saluted smartly and waited Wayne's acknowledgement.

"Guard, to what do I owe this disturbance of my privacy?"

"Sir, Mr. Wells has returned. Lieutenant Harrison ordered me to inform you at once," said the guard, holding himself stiffly at attention.

"Where is Mr. Wells now?" questioned Wayne.

"At Lieutenant Harrison's tent, sir. He begs leave to delay his report 'till morning as he is quite fatigued."

"Delay his report until morning! Why that damned rascal! How dare he beg anything of the commander-in-chief!" Wayne cried, indignant and angry.

"What instructions shall I carry to Mr. Wells, sir?" asked the guard, still at attention, but enjoying Wayne's consternation.

"Tell him to come at once, of course," said Wayne.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier, turning to leave.

"Just a minute, just a minute. Perhaps Mr. Wells should be rested first. Tell him to report to me following roll call in the morning. That will be time enough."

Again the soldier saluted. He smiled. This Wayne was human after all.

As the bugle blew "assembly" the next morning, Wayne strutted out of his quarters. The sun was bright and its rays played cheerily on the waters of the Ohio below. As he stood on the platform in the center of the parade ground and watched the men rushing to their posts for roll call, his bosom heaved with pride. Ballard Smith walked by, saluted, and smiled at his pompous commander. Wayne returned the salute, wondering quietly how Polly Sprague was faring without him.

One by one the companies were formed, then the battalions, and, finally, the Sub Legions. Here before him spread his army. Like clockwork, the roll call was taken, rising like a growing surge of strength from squad to platoon to company to battalion to Sub Legion to the commander-in-chief. The call of "all present or accounted for," rang out clearly. Finally, there was a moment of quiet. Captain DeButts, standing in front of the platform before Wayne, did a quick

about-face, and saluting, reported:

"The Legion is all present or accounted for, Sir,"

Wayne acknowledged the report.

"Very well, captain. Give the order of parade rest."

"Parade - - - rest!"

This command echoed throughout the camp from Wayne's aide to the Sub Legions, to the battalions, to the companies, to the platoons, to the squads. Gun butts struck the ground as the army assumed its more relaxed position, listening attentively for the words of the commander-in-chief.

Wayne waited until all was quiet. Only the bawling of livestock from the pens at the eastern edge of the camp broke the complete peace.

"Soldiers of the Legion," Wayne began, assuming the dignity of a Roman caesar, "we shall immediately prepare to leave this camp for active campaigning against the enemy. You will be ready to move at a moment's notice."

He paused, lowered his voice and said to DeButts: "Give the command to dismiss the men."

The captain drew himself up, called the Legion to attention, and, in an almost impossible blast, shouted "Dismissed!"

The men tossed their hats in the air, slapped each other on the back, and engaged in general tumult. DeButts turned to Wayne in astonishment.

"Shall I try to quiet them, sir?"

"Of Course not, captain, don't you recognize good morale? Let them frolic for a while. Such a demonstration is good for their spirits."

Wayne walked down from the platform and made his way to his quarters. Harrison was already at work when he entered.

"Has Wells arrived?" the general asked.

"Yes sir. He is in your quarters awaiting you."

"I've prepared the orders and dispatches. See that they get out," Wayne said, "and also make sure that Mr. Wells and I are not disturbed on any pretext."

"Yes sir," replied Harrison.

Wayne opened the door to his private quarters. Yes, Wells was there. His rancid tobacco smoke belied his presence and fogged the air.

Wells sat in the only chair in the room. His feet were cocked comfortably on the table. He made no move to rise as Wayne entered, but only poured himself another cup of the general's wine as he said: "

"Well, sir, you seem to be jumping the gun a little. You haven't even heard my report and already you command your army to prepare for attack. Perhaps the Indians have reached a peaceful settlement. Even a general should be aware of full information before taking such a drastic step."

"Why you insolent scoundrel," roared Wayne, angry and miffed. "How dare you drink my wine, slouch in my chair, and put your dirty boots on my table? Do you expect me to countenance such conduct from an officer which I would not for a moment tolerate from a private soldier?"

Wayne's face was flushed. This Wells always irritated him. What was worse, he even seemed to enjoy doing so.

Wells dropped his feet from the table. Chunks

of dried mud broke off them as they hit the floor with a dull thud.

"Well, if you're not interested in my report, I'll be going." Wells made his way toward the door.

"Just a minute. Quit acting like a spoiled child," said Wayne, his voice considerably softened. "Let's hear what you have to say."

Wells returned to the chair, placed his feet firmly on the table, and took a deep draught of the red wine as if in final defiance of the irritated general. Wayne made no further move to counter his actions, but rather slumped down on his bed, the only other available sitting place in the room.

"All right. Now you're calmed down, I'll tell you what I suppose you want to know."

Wells refilled his cup, lit his pipe, sighed, and closed his eyes, seemingly searching for a place to begin. Wayne was impatient to hear the news, but Wells managed to keep him in suspense. He enjoyed, in a careless sort of way, tantalizing the general. By the good graces of the army, he was a "contract captain;" that is, he was paid a captain's salary and wore that officer's

insignia, but had no power of command or official standing in the army. His rank was purely an honorary one.

"To begin with, I went from here to Fort Jefferson, where I picked up fresh horses. Then I went down the Auglaize to the Maumee, and then down it to Roche de Boeuf. What a trip! I thought the swamps would be all dried up this time of year, but they weren't. Most of the way we waded in black, mucky water hip deep."

Wells paused to draw on his pipe and scratch his thigh. Then he continued.

"I arrived at the place of council on July tenth; that was a Wednesday, I think. Already about fourteen hundred Indians had gathered."

"Fourteen hundred," echoed Wayne. "The entire confederacy must have been there."

"Not quite," said Wells, "more came in every day." He paused, then went on. "At any rate, the whole group met daily in council. They seemed to feel that they could not talk peace until they first got the United States to agree to the Ohio River as a boundary."

"If they insisted upon that, why talk to the commissioners at all," said Wayne.

"Well, they didn't quite look at it that way. The Indians felt that they still had claims on the other side of the Ohio, particularly in Kentucky, and would give them up in return for the Ohio River boundary."

"How generous of them," said Wayne sarcastically. "Next thing we know, they'll want the mountains for a dividing line; perhaps they would even wish us to move clear off the continent."

"Undoubtedly they would prefer that, but even they know that, at the moment, such a move is impossible," laughed Wells. "However, they consider their claims just ones."

"Just! To whom?" exclaimed Wayne. "Do they really think we'll peaceably clear out and tell our people that they don't have a chance out here, after all."

"Perhaps they don't expect a peaceable emmigration of the white settlers, but, peace or war, they are determined to gain it," replied the scout.

"I suppose the British gave tacit support to the Indian demands?" asked Wayne?

"They gave their support, but not tacitly. Almost every night McKee and Simcoe's representatives met in private council with the chiefs. Though I don't know precisely what went on, I do know that McKee made big promises."

"Such as?" queried Wayne.

"Such as provisions, arms, and ammunition. In fact, he issued some of these items on the spot just to bind the bargain," answered Wells.

"Did he promise armed support?" asked Wayne.

"Not directly, though he did suggest that the British would fully support them."

"I wonder whether Dorchester would actually throw his troops into the Indian army," mused Wayne. "It seems improbable as such an action would surely bring on an all-out war, a circumstance the British cannot allow for the present. Yet, the Canadian governor is a fool-hardy devil at times and might take the chance. What do you think," Wayne asked Wells.

The captain laid down his pipe and, pressing his finger-tips together, replied cautiously:

"Frankly, I don't know. McKee seemed to be for complete support, military and otherwise, but Simcoe's

men were not so determined. Probably the Indians will be left to shift for themselves militarily, though, if there is a good chance of them winning with just a little added British effort, the attempt might be made. I wouldn't bet on it though."

Wayne pondered the news a few moments, then asked:

"How about militia? Would they help the Indians?"

"Undoubtedly some will," said Wells. "The Indians seem intent upon forcing traders and others whose livelihoods are dependent upon Indian trade to aid them."

"That, of course, won't be a difficult obstacle if their militia isn't any better than ours," commented the general.

"At any rate," Wells went on, "they refused to meet with the commissioners, and decided to continue the war. At first, some of the chiefs held back, but McKee's promises won most of them over."

"And how do they expect to overcome us?" asked Wayne.

"Essentially the plan is this: During the fall and winter, the southern tribes will ravage the frontier. Meanwhile, the northern tribes are to expirpate your army.

It's as simple as that," said Wells.

"How many warriors will take part?" asked Wayne.

"About sixteen hundred. Perhaps more if all the tribes come forward in full strength," replied Wells.

"Well, that takes care of that," sighed Wayne, fully satisfied with the report. "It seems they want war and war they will get. Meanwhile, I'll give orders to strengthen our escorts. They most likely will be the first attacked."

"Yes," agreed Wells, "that was their first aim. I might add that the Spanish are also trying to rouse the Creeks and Chickasaws to action, but you know how weak the Spanish are."

"Fine," said Wayne, confidently, slapping his knees, "We'll rout out the whole lot at one time!"

Wells, having finished his report, rose and ambled out of the room, not bothering to salute or pay his military respects.

"An irritable fellow," thought Wayne, "but a good man to have around."

So far as the general was concerned, the information Wells had brought only confirmed his own earlier opinion that the Indians would bow only to armed force.

Peaceful settlement was impossible. However, the specific knowledge he had gained from the new report enabled him to select appropriate precautionary and defensive measures pending getting his army under way.

Shortly before Wells' return, Wayne had received a report from the commissioners that they were returning to Philadelphia without having met with the Indians, but he had heretofore gained no specific information concerning the Indian Confederacy's military plans.

Wells' report also corroborated the theory that the British were determined, as a matter of policy, to hold the Northwest and its fur trade either as an outright possession, or, more probably, as an Indian puppet state.

While Wayne had been angered at the commissioners' demand that he halt further forward movements and so-called hostile operations, he now had the decision of the Indians for war. While he would not forget being stymied by three starry-eyed diplomats, he now gladly abandoned his enforced inaction. The wilderness campaign began!

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NOTES

Reports on the Indian council are found in the American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I, and the Draper MSS, 23U. British views are included in the Correspondence of John Graves Simcoe, I, 355-366. Notes on personal affairs of William Wells are in Calvin Young's Little Turtle. Wells's report to Wayne is in the Wayne Papers, XXIX, doc. 46. Wayne's reports from the commissioners are included in the Isaac Craig Collection, I-B, No. 136.

CHAPTER V

PREPARATIONS FOR CAMPAIGN

After Wells left, Wayne sat for some time pondering his problems of command. The report had told him nothing which he did not already know or suspect, except for the actual operational plans of the hostile Indians. Even these came as no surprise.

Having sufficiently thought over the entire situation, the general called his aide into his private quarters.

"Harrison, Wells tells me that an Indian attack on our force is immiment. Therefore, it is important that we begin our campaign as soon as possible," began Wayne. "Please ask General Posey and Colonel Hamtramck to meet with me here at one this afternoon. Tell them that their presence is most urgently needed."

"Yes sir," said Harrison, sensing a bit of perturbance in Wayne's voice, "I'll notify them immediately."

He turned to leave, but Wayne called him back.

"Please bring me all of the correspondence from General Scott and the strength returns for the month.

I want to look over them before this afternoon."

Harrison nodded, brought in the needed papers, and left to give the message to Posey and Hamtramck.

In the meantime, Wayne labored over the correspondence of General Scott and juggled his strength figures. He paused only a moment for lunch and then again launched back into his work.

As the hour for the staff meeting approached, Wayne completed his calculations. He dropped his goose-quill pen as Posey and Hamtramck arrived.

Thomas Posey was an impressive-looking fellow. A Virginian through and through, he had served with honor and distinction in the Revolution. Primarily at Wayne's urging he had recently rejoined the army.

John Francis Hamtramck, a French-Canadian by birth, had also joined the cause of the Revolution in its early days and had continued to serve in the military forces of the United States since the peace of 1783. Undoubtedly he was one of the most valuable officers in the entire command, and, in the absence of James Wilkinson, served as a leading staff officer.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said Wayne, rising unsteadily from his chair, "good afternoon."

"Stay seated, general," ordered Posey in a kindly manner, noticing the commander-in-chief's difficulty of movement and his pale countenance.

"I think I will, sir," replied Wayne. "Tell Harrison to bring some chairs."

Hamtramck disappeared into the outside office and returned carrying two straight-backed chairs.

"DeButts and Harrison will have to sit on their respective tables," said Hamtramck, grinning broadly. "These were the only ones there, but Harrison assures me he can get others."

Wayne smiled. Yes, his aides would get others; probably would spend the afternoon doing so. However, the orders and dispatches were already out and they would have little to occupy them until after this conference.

Hamtramck placed the two chairs near the table. Seeing it piled high with papers, he supposed it would be used. Posey sat down opposite Wayne, Hamtramck at his left.

The commander-in-chief opened the conference:

"Mr. Wells returned from the Indian council at Au Glaize last night and reported to me this morning. His news will not surprise you. Briefly it is this."

Wayne referred to the notes he had taken in his interview with Wells. He told Hamtramck and Posey of the failure of the peace mission and related the Indian operational plans against the Legion.

"So you see," he concluded, looking up from his notes, "we are not facing the unexpected."

"Will the British attack with the Indians?" asked Posey, thinking of Wayne's references to McKee's attitude at the Indian council.

"I think not. That is, they will not attack in a body, though, most certainly, they will send British officers as advisors on the Indian expeditions. However," he said, going on, "we must be prepared to meet a combined force. There is always the chance that Dorchester will step over the traces."

"Under any circumstance, it looks as though the British will supply the Indians," added Hamtramck.

"I think we can depend on that!" emphasized Wayne. "McKee has already handed out a great many

supplies. Even if we protest, we won't get very far as the British can always say that these were trade items."

"That's probably only too true," interjected Posey. "The British are trading arms and ammunition for enough Indian blood to preserve their control over the territory."

"We'll trust that the British bargain fails," laughed Wayne confidently.

The commander dropped his papers and leaned back in his chair.

"What I called you for is this," he began. "If we are to defeat these savages, we've got to beat them to the punch. That means an advance of the Legion at the earliest possible moment. If we can catch them before they fully collect, we'll have the advantage."

"True," said Posey in agreement, "but there is a great deal of sickness among the men."

"Yes, this thing the people here call the 'influenza.' I think I've been somewhat affected myself."

Wayne sighed deeply. His coloring belied a bodily weakness. "However," he continued, "that should

pass quickly. Some of the men are already recovered."

"Presuming that most of the army can march, how many men will be available to participate in the expedition?" questioned Hamtramck.

"Not more than twenty-six hundred," answere Wayne.

"Isn't that figure a bit high?" asked Posey.

"Perhaps. I'll admit that I made very little reservation for the sick. However, while this 'influenza' has pervaded the whole line, most of the men are now well. By the time of the movement, our losses to this malady should be inconsequential. I shall know how great when this return is completed."

Wayne handed copies of the order to Posey and Hamtramck. A full return of the strength of the Legion was to be made out on the basis of the marching abilities of the soldiers. That is, how many could march as far as Fort Jefferson, how many could march to Fort St. Clair, how many could reach Fort Hamilton, and, finally, how many hdd to be left in the vicinity of Fort Washington and Cincinnati.

"I plan to man the forts only with invalids," continued Wayne as the officers perused his order.

"A return, then, will not only tell us how many will be able to participate fully in the campaign, but also the number to be left at each post."

"That's fine," said Posey, "but can invalids adequately defend the posts?"

"I think so," replied Wayne. "The commanding officers will not be sick and no doubt most of the men will soon recover. As major actions will be in the field, we have little to fear in lightly manning our posts. Even should the Indians dare to attack one of them in force, relief could be quickly obtained."

Wayne was obviously much more confident on this point than his subordinates. However, noticing their concern for the army's safety, he went on:

"I fell that we should have at least a two to one edge over the expected Indian force. That's why I've asked General Scott to bring forward his Kentucky militia."

"How many can he muster?" queried Posey.

"Frankly, I don't know. I hope at least a thousand can be collection, but Scott and Governor Shelby are running into trouble. It's harvest time

and the men do not want to leave their farms."

"That's true," mused Hamtramck, "but if they don't come forward and we are defeated, they'll not have any farms to work."

"Please, colonel, don't use the word 'defeat,'" said Wayne. "Though I have to admit you're right. These Indians, if victorious again, will never let the Ohio River stop their depredations."

"Have you done any more than ask for the militia?" questioned Posey.

"Ask!" exclaimed Wayne. "I've asked, pleaded, threatened, and even proposed a draft, but without much noticeable effect."

"Perhaps an order direct from President Washington would help," suggested Hamtramck.

"No. I've been delegated authority by him to call them out. He could do little more. There is too much unrest and treason already afoot in Kentucky to use any drastic measures," said Wayne.

"Yes, I know," murmured Hamtramck. "These frontiersmen think they're being ill-used by Philadelphia and I hear some talk of revolution."

"The situation, I'll admit, is not very promising, but we'll have to be satisfied with what help we can get," Wayne noted sadly. "Meanwhile, get your men in order to move at a moment's notice."

"How about the women and children?" asked Posey.

"They can't go with us. See what you can do to find lodging for them in Cincinnati. A few single ones might go along as nurses and cooks - but only a few. So far, they've only been a source of irritation, but, at this crisis, they might perform some useful service. Tell them we'll provide rations and some pay for their work."

Wayne sat for the moment gathering his thoughts, and, for just a second, wondered how Polly Sprague would make out in Cincinnati. Posey and Hamtramck sat awaiting his final orders.

"Don't let me forget to order General Wilkinson's wife to return to Fort Washington. Suitable quarters can be provided for her there." He paused, then went on: "Well, I believe that is all. I'll talk to the contractors to be sure of supplies and will send instructions to Wilkinson. By the time we get to

Fort Hamilton, he should be well enough to continue with us. Good day, gentlemen."

Wayne rose haltingly. The interview was at an end. Posey and Hamtramck saluted and left the room. As they went down the front steps, they heard him calling for Harrison. Fortunately the young lieutenant was just returning as they left. Hearing the call, he rushed into the office and halted breathless before the commander-in-chief.

"You called, sir?"

"Yes, Harrison. I've just talked over the situation with Posey and Hamtramck. We shall begin our forward movement at the earliest moment possible," said Wayne.

"What can I do, sir?" asked the aide.

"The first thing is to get Scott's force moving. I'm not at all satisfied with the results of his muster."

"The militia aren't turning out so well," observed Harrison. "What do you propose?"

"Write to Scott that I expect him and his men to join the Legion at Fort Jefferson by the first of

October. Also send orders to our outposts warning them of the planned Indian assaults and inform all escorts to redouble their vigilance while on the march."

As Wayne spoke, Harrison wrote vigorously, noting each command.

"The contractors tell me that sufficient supplies are forward. That's one problem less to worry over," stated Wayne, "though a last minute check should be made." He paused, then concluded: "I guess that's all. Now get to work, young man."

"Yes, sir," replied Harrison, picking up his notes and leaving the room. At times like these, the more stuffy bits of formality were cast aside and saluting not necessary.

When Harrison was gone, Wayne rose from his chair, closed the door and threw himself heavily onto his bed. He had been fighting off this "influenza" now for a week. Yet, in this battle, his will had little effect. The dull, throbbing headache, the weakness of his limbs, and the alternate chills and sweats no longer could be ignored. Even his persistent gout

took a place of secondary importance.

"Damn€," he mumbled under his breath. "This thing can't get the best of me. I won't allow it."

However, he had no choice. The "influenza" was no respecter of rank. The greatest general as well as the lowliest private suffered, got well, or died.

Probably because of Wayne's continuing battle with the gout, his attack of the 'flu was even more serious than it might ordinarily have been. He tried to carry on the preparations for the coming campaign, but even the smallest exertion quickly weakened him and delayed his recovery. For days, he spent the great part of his time in bed. His subordinates handled most of the Legionary affairs. By the second of October, when the first contingent of the Kentucky Mounted Volunteers arrived, he was well enough to greet them, but little more.

However, by the fifth, he was almost fully recovered. On that day, he wrote to Secretary of War Henry Knox revealing his plans and on the seventh moved out of Hobson's Choice. Baggage was light as the heavy supplies and equipment were already deposited

at the forward posts. The women, children, and sick were in Cincinnati or at Fort Washington.

Wayne, mounted on his stallion, watched the troops march through the gates of the Hobson's Choice camp. As the last man passed, he gave the deserted post one final glance, then galloped off to the head of the Legion.

Hobson's Choice officially ceased to exist. Soon the grass would grow over the old campfire sites and the weatherings of nature erase forever the remains of this summer camp of the Legion of the United States!

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Notes

The correspondence relating to the Kentucky Mounted Volunteers is found in the Wayne Collection, XXIX, docs. 49, 54, 72, 73, 78, 80, 104, and 106. Additional data is included in: Richard C. Knopf, ed., "Two Journals of the Kentucky Volunteers, 1793-1794," in the Filson Club History Quarterly, XXVII, No. 3 (July, 1953), 250. Wayne's plans for campaign, including his provisions for invalids, women, and children are in the

Wayne Collection, XXIX, docs. 67, 82, 87, 99, 109, 110, and 111. His security measures are also outlined there, see: XXIX, 51, 56, and 57.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAMPAIGN BEGINS

Within a few hours, the soldiers, marching in ordered disarray, were joking and recalling to mind fond memories of the camp they had just left. It is a human characteristic to forget the unpleasant scenes and to coddle those of tender memory. Soldiers are particularly adept at this, and, as the men trudged along on this chill autumn morning, they laughed and cracked jokes, passing over thoughts of long drills and strict discipline. Too, soldiers flood with excitement at the thought of battle, and artfully cover what fears they may entertain with outward actions bordering on the careless and, sometimes, ridiculous.

Wayne's men were essentially no different from all soldiers. They might have made a poor appearance: their long hair matted and dirty from lack of washing and combing, their side-arms bulky and unwieldy, but they were soldiers. They were men lusting for the smell of battle, peering through the woods, hoping to catch sight of an Indian. They were men who jostled

each other and roared at off-color stories. They were soldiers; at once martinets and carefree youths.

Wayne was proud of his Legion. Having trained the men to the peak of military perfection, he did not fear their playful brawling and loud boisterousness. They were fine solders and, as he rode at the head of the long columns, his breast swelled with confidence.

They were two days on the march from Hobson's Choice to Fort Hamilton. Final plans had not yet been laid. Wayne hoped that, upon reaching Hamilton, Wilkinson would be able to join him. However, the commander was to be disappointed. His second in command was not yet ready to march, though he did participate in a staff conference held on the evening when the Legion arrived. Also present in the candle-lit room were Posey and Hamtramck. General Scott had not yet crossed the Ohio.

Wayne opened the meeting. His face showed fatigue, but his eyes sparkled with excitement and expectancy.

"Gentlemen, the campaign is under way. In two days of marching, few of our men have fallen out. This is indeed a good record."

"It is," agreed Posey, "but it seems to me that a bit more of a marching order would be helpful."

"That is one of the reasons for this meeting," replied Wayne. "As we penetrate more deeply into the Indian country, we will have to be more watchful, more ready to beat off a surprise attack from any quarter."

"What do you propose?" queried Wilkinson.

"A well-balanced marching formation," answered Wayne. "It is simply this."

The commander-in-chief outlined his order of march. The Legion was to be divided into two wings, each to consist of two sub legions; Posey was charged with the "left wing," composed of the second and third; Wilkinson was appointed to command the right.

"For the time being," Wayne continued, "Colonel Hamtramck will assume General Wilkinson's command."

"How about flank guards and detachments to protect the front and rear?" questioned Hamtramck.

"Small units of infantry and cavalry will be deployed around the army. These should be sufficient to warn against any attack and to hold off the enemy

until our main force is able to throw its weight into the fray," replied Wayne.

He then unrolled a large diagram showing the relative positions of the various units. Each of his staff examined the depiction carefully, noting his particular duties in regard to the overall plan.

"Captain Campbell will command the dragoons until Major Winston joins the Legion. I asked him to report here as soon as his men were settled and the guard checked," commented Wayne.

Posey looked up from the diagram. "Does Burbeck know that the artillery will form the center column with the quartermaster and medical wagons?"

"No, but he'll be here soon. I've also asked Dr. Allison to attend. Mr. O'Hara has already been instructed where to place the quartermaster and contractor vehicles."

When it seemed evident that the officers had looked long enough at the order of march, Wayne presented them with a second drawing depicting the prescribed order of encampment.

"You will note, gentlemen," he commented, "that the order of encampment differs little from the order of . . ."

At this moment Major Henry Burbeck made his entrance. Wayne looked up quickly, and, without acknowledging his arrival, went on:

". . .from the order of march. The artillery, get this Burbeck - ," he interjected, obviously picqued by the late appearance of his chief artillerist and engineer, "the artillery will be deployed in the center of the encampment, placed so as to be able to fire in any direction."

Wayne concluded. Burbeck's face was red, partially with enbarrassment and partially from his rush to attend the meeting.

Before the discussion could resume, Dr. Allison came in, explaining his delay as he had been called to treat several men, most of them suffering only from fatigue.

Richard Allison was a medium-sized man of good proportion. His graying hair showed him to be of middle are, and his soft-spoken, kindly manner immediately demanded respect.

"Doctor, if you will look at these diagrams carefully, you will note the position of your hospital corps in relation to the rest of the Legion. Please try to keep that position both on the march and during our daily encampments," he begged.

Even Wayne, always provoked by tardiness, softened his voice in speaking to Allison. Here was a man of science and healing, not to be ordered about like an ordinary soldier.

"I shall study them carefully, general," said Allison, adjusting his half-lensed spectacles and leaning over the table to get a closer look. Burbeck held the candle so that it adequately lighted the drawings. The other officers found chairs and seated themselves about the long, plank table.

"At the end of each day's march," Wayne droned on, "the quartermaster will define the camp. The officer of the day will establish the guard and our own Mr. Burbeck will construct redoubts at each corner of the camp."[2]

The general paused, coughed, and then continued:

"Each wing will construct a breastwork of fallen trees about its own area every night." These last two words were emphasized strongly. "I am not planning on defeat or retreat. My name is not St. Clair!"

Wayne was not one to speak in terms of personalities and this last reference to his beaten predecessor slipped out unprovoked. However, the general was also not given to apologizing and he passed on quickly to other business.

"Gentlemen, please try to keep your men in order. Ordinary noise is not important, but irresponsible firing of muskets is dangerous business. A false alarm might throw the army into chaos."

"Yes, I've noticed that the men have been shooting at wild game along the way," noted Posey. "I'll instruct my officers to see that it is not done in the future.

"One more thing, and this is particularly important to Dr. Allison and Major Burbeck, try to keep your wagons moving. If a wheel breaks or if they meet with other disorders, repair them quickly and try to regain your place in line. I have given specific

instructions that the army is not to stop its march for anything short of enemy attack. If a wagon is completely useless, leave it, save what you can, and load the salvage on another one."

Allison and Burbeck nodded.

"Beginning tomorrow, we will march at an hour after daylight rather than in mid-morning. That will give sufficient time to prepare for the march and to make camp following it." He paused. "Any questions?"

The officers nodded in the negative.

"Then call in Harrison!"

Burbeck, still trying to make amends quickly left the room and returned with the lanky, young lieutenant.

"Sir, " Wayne addressed him, "in my large black trunk are eight bottles of excellent Maderia. Bring them here immediately. These men thirst for good wind after a grueling day. Split one between yourself and DeButts. Hurry now, boy, or we shall dry up on the spot!"

Wayne laughed and his men with him. While a stickler for precision and discipline on duty, Wayne was not one to shun such niceties of camp life as could be garnered. He was by no means addicted to the

bottle, but, somehow, the chill autumn air required some warming spirits.

As the men sat back, relaxed and talking to each other, a tall officer appeared in the doorway.

"Well, well, if it isn't the long, lost Mis Campbell," wailed Wayne, sarcastically. "He who arrives in time for entertainment, but avoids business."

"Sir," stammered Campbell, speaking and saluting in unison, "you sent me to check on my men and all the guards. That takes a long time."

"I did?" said Wayne, feigning amazement. "So sorry, captain."

By this time it was evident to the other officers that Campbell was being kidded unmercifully. To a man, they shook with laughter, with the exception of poor Burbeck. Captain Campbell looked about with dismay and then brightened when it was understood that the general was not serious.

"Take a seat, Campbell," said Wayne, smiling. "Posey will relay our plans. Refreshment is on the way."

At that moment Harrison appeared. Being unable to find a basket, he had stuck the wine bottles into his pockets and under his arms.

"The man looks like an over-grown porcupine or traveling vintner," remarked Wayne. "Gentlemen, relieve him of his burden before he spills the precious stuff."

There was no need for a second command. In a flash Harrison was stripped of his vintage glory.

The wine gurgled softly as it was poured into the waiting cups. When the last was filled, Wayne rose and proposed a toast:

"To victory, complete and decisive!" he shouted over the tumult. The cups clanged metallically as they struck one another.

"A second toast, my friends," called Posey. "To Anthony Wayne whose reputed madness brings only success!"

One after the other toasts were proposed and drunk. The candles burned low. Some sputtered and went out. The room was cloudy with smoke, and, here and there, a man, drowsy with the wine, slipped of to sleep, snoring contentedly.

As the house passed, they left, one by one; Wayne,

still nursing the gout, first. A few spent the night slumped over in their chairs.

In spite of Wayne's desire for an early start, the army was not in motion until ten the following morning, Posey at the head of the left column, Hamtramck on the right. The commander-in-chief, truly a leader, rode with the forward cavalry unit which guided the Legion.

Above Fort Hamilton the roads were almost impassable. The fall rains had turned them into seas of mud. The heavy wagons became mired or broke wheels on large stones. The oxen and horses, which drew these cumbersome vehicles, strained and sweated; some fell far behind. By three in the afternoon the Legion was so disorganized that a halt was made at the Seven Mile Spring. Here the men bedded down for the night.

The following morning, the advance began just an hour after daylight. The march went well, the roads were dried out, and the Legion fell into a slow, but regular pace. In fact, for the remainder of the advance, the march was so steady and consistant that the army arrived at its destination, seven miles north of

Fort Jefferson, on the thirteenth.

Wayne called this his "Island Camp" and noted that it was on the "southwest branch of the Miami." Here he displayed the current ignorance of the geography of the area. Actually his "southwest branch of the Miami" was Greeneville Creek, a branch of the Stillwater. The "island" was really a peninsula pointing northward and bounded by Greenville Creek and two of its tributaries. However, this unawareness did not seem to trouble him, and, until the time he named the new camp "Greene Ville," in honor of Nathaniel Greene, he designated it "Island Camp, southwest branch of the Miami."

When the army took up its march, the land was aglow with autumn colors. The hills had changed from the deep green of summer to the variagated hues of early fall. Around Fort Hamilton, the "rough land" was covered with sugar maples, dogwood, and black walnut. North of Hamilton, the thick woods of the Mill Creek Valley thinned out. Here were the large-leafed buckeye and the shimmering white oaks. Near Fort St. Clair were swamps, their surfaces covered with falling

leaves and reflecting the harvest of color from their black depths. Still farther northward, the hills flattened out, and the forests disappeared. In their place were the wide prairies, dotted only here and there with stands of beach and oak.

Wild game was abundant. Buffalo, deer, bears, and foxes stalked the forests. Geese and pigeons rose from the thickets. Squirrels chattered from the tree-tops, and, in the streams, pearch, catfish, buffalo fish, eels, and pike struck at home-made hooks. Natural arbors of grapes waited to be stripped. Succulent plums, apples, and pawpaws slaked the thirst and soothed the appetite. Medicinal herbs grew in the fields, waiting to be used in healing potions.

On the other hand, swampy areas were breeding places for disease, and the thick forests, which looked like an artist's palette after the first frosts of fall, became hiding places for Indians. The hills, covered with heavy underbrush, presented difficulties of travel. Yet, the freshness of the autumn air, the scent of burning wood fires, and the leavening dampness of the breezes which wafted their ways

across the camp at Greene Ville, together with the high sense of unknown adventure, gave courage to the men and a new vitality to the army.

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Notes

Biographical sketches of Wayne's officers are contained in Francis B. Heitman, Historical Register of the United States Army, (2 vols), I.

Marching and encampment orders are included in the Wayne Collection, XXIX, 113; XXX, 2. A plan of the encampment, drawn by Benjamin Van Cleve, one of the smaller army purveyors, is in the American Pioneer, II, 290.

The finest description of the land over which the Legion passed is in Richard C. Knopf, ed., "Two Journals of the Kentucky Volunteers, 1793-1794," in the Filson Club History Quarterly, XXVII, No. 3 (July, 1953), 250-253, 258-260. See also: William M. Darlington, ed., Christopher Gist Journals, entries for Dec. 3, 1750; Mar. 3, 1751; Mar. 5, 1751; Mar. 5, 1752; and Frazer E. Wilson, ed., Journal of Daniel Bradley, entries for Sept. 9, 1791; Sept. 19, 1791; Oct. 29, 1791;

Sept. 3, 1793. Additional information is to be found in: Peter Smith, Indian Doctor's Dispensatory; and Daniel Drake, Pictorial View of Cincinnati.

CHAPTER VII

THE CAMPAIGN BOGS DOWN

Greene Ville was not a chance site for the encampment of the Legion. Wayne had been sending supplies to that area for several months. This action was well known to the Indians and had been given as an excuse for not meeting with the American peace commissioners. Other already established posts were too far removed from the expected field of operations and too small to house the Legion for even a short time. Greene Ville provided a spot for final organization of the army for combat and served admirably as an advanced base of operations.

The march from Hobson's Choice to Greene Ville had been without serious incident. This deserved especial recognition and Wayne penned an order of congratulations to his troops which was read to them following their arrival:

"The commander-in-chief takes this opportunity of returning his most grateful thanks to Brigadier Posey and to the officers of the Legion in general for the ready cheerfulness with which they have executed every

order and for the worthy example they have uniformly shown upon every occasion during the rapid advance to this place which affords a pleasant presage of future success."

The words might have been hopeful. Certainly they were a gallant effort to save face when Wayne himself must have known that another year had passed without a successful encounter with the enemy.

If Wayne had been honestly hopeful earlier, he was quickly disillusioned upon arriving at Greene Ville.

"Harrison, send in that Robert Elliot of the contractors," Wayne ordered from inside his tent.

"Yes, sir, he's right here," replied the aide, pulling back the tent flap to admit the supplier's agent.

"Sit down, sir," commanded Wayne. "We have a great many things to talk over."

"Yes, sir, " said Elliot, seating himself gingerly on one of the camp stools.

"Your company assured me before I left Hobson's Choice that there were two hundred and fifty thousand rations at Fort Jefferson. By this letter I find not only that you have failed to send forward the rations

specified, but also that you do not have transportation to bring them here in the near future."

Wayne waved the letter wildly at Elliot, getting more and more angry and irritated at each gesture.

"Now, sir, what do you propose to do about this situation?" demanded the general.

Elliot stammered, made an excuse or two about lack of horses, then fell into silence.

"Mr. Elliot," Wayne addressed the flustered agent sarcastically, "I am not interested in your idiotic excuses. For over a year and a half you were aware that this campaign was in the making. You were quite aware of the requirements of the army. If you could not supply us, you should have given notice some time ago."

"But, sir," Elliot broke in, "we have not had sufficient military escorts to ensure the safe delivery of supplies."

"Again, my dear Mr. Elliot, I state that I shall not listen to your alibis. I have never denied you adequate protection, and, " Wayne went on, "I feel that I am a better judge of that protection than you."

The general paused to catch his breath, then, agitated, continued:

"Do you propose that the Legion sit here and starve or would it be more to your liking if we retreated to the Ohio River and gave the country to the Indians and the damned British?"

Elliot tried to break in, but Wayne vigorously signaled him to silence:

"We have here now nearly three thousand men who must be fed and clothed. Within a few days I expect General Scott with five hundred more."

Again Wayne stopped. Elliot was, by now, too cowed to attempt an interjection. With his face red in anger and his hands gesturing to emphasize his points, Wayne went on:

"There is no doubt but you have ruined my chances for an active campaign this fall either by your dilatory attitude or outright treason. At this point I know not which. Either deserves the severest punishment. In any case, sir, this army is going to stay on this ground and it will be supplied, by one means or another! I shall write immediately to your company and to the Secretary of War expressing my disgust and my demands for immediate remedy."

Wayne rose abruptly.

"This interview, sir, is at an end. I know not whom your friends are in Philadelphia, but I assure you that here on the frontier, I am in command.I will have my army supplied, with or without your help! Good day, sir!"

Elliot had been so humbled by Wayne's angry blast that he did not reply to the commander's salutation, but left the tent as quickly and quietly as possible.

Wayne was true to his word. He sent a firey letter to the contractor company and informed Knox of his situation. In an attempt to organize his supplies, he ordered his cavalry for both transport and escort service. Grain storage bins were constructed at Fort Hamilton, which became the major supply depot for the remainder of the campaign.

Putting the cavalry horses on this service was not the most efficient methods of bringing forward the much-needed rations, but it was a necessary expedient. The animals, bred for speed and manoeuverability, were not accustomed or equipped for such heavy duty. However,

the job had to be done and until sufficient pack horses were obtained, those of the cavalry had to fill the void.

Wayne could well expend his energies in hotly denouncing the contractors, but he had no desire to see himself become the butt of their unpreparedness. What, of course, he may not have fully understood was the trouble occasioned in the transporting of supplies over long distances. At any place along the route which stretched from the eastern seaboard to Fort Washington his much-needed provisions could be held up. Undependable pack-horse and wagon drivers often tarried at their homes on the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The water transport down the Ohio was dangerous, and boats, stopping for the night, were cometimes attacked by Indians. In winter, there was no river passage at all. Even in good weather, boats often became grounded or sank from overloading. The last leg of the route from Fort Washington was no less difficult and dangerous. Just a few days before, on October seventeenth, Indians had ambushed a convoy near Fort St. Clair on its way to Greene Ville. In this skirmish, the Legion lost two

of its most promising young officer, Lieutenant Lowrey and Ensign Boyd along with fourteen enlisted men. However, these problems of transport did not excuse the repeated assurances of the contractors that the Legion would be supplied.

On the nineteenth of October, the main body of the Kentucky militia under General Charles Scott arrived at Greenne Ville. This force brought the number of Volunteers to nearly a thousand. However, the Legion was totally unprepared to provision them. There was no forage for the animals. Still worse, the natural pastures, at this time of year, provided scarcely enough food to keep the horses alive. Even the most strenuous efforts to supply them promised little relief.

Facing this situation which he had neither planned nor expected, Wayne called together his staff and that of the Volunteers to discuss the future disposition of the entire force.

At this meeting, held Thursday, October 31, were Wayne, Wilkinson, and Posey, representing the federal army; and Scott, Todd, and Barbee, from the Kentucky militis.

The commander-in-chief spared his staff nothing:

"Gentlemen, our situation here is a most serious one," he began. "I had been led to believe that sufficient supplies had been sent forward to support a campaign this fall. Now I find that [illegible] enough rations to supply us for a few days."

This news was not unexpected or unknown to his listeners. While no official announcement had been previously made of the plight of the army, rumor had spread that the supplies were inadequate. The use of cavalry horses to transport these items only served to strengthen the validity of these reports.

Wayne continued:

"Every exertion is being made to make up the deficiency. However, there is no hope for a campaign this season by our combined forces. At most, under present circumstances, the federal army will stave off retreat. More than that we cannot expect to do."

"Does this mean that there is no chance for a campaign at all?" asked Wilkinson.

"There is no chance this fall. However, once the means of transportation is at the disposal of the contractors, we shall be adequately supplied."

"And if the contractors do not bring enough supplies forward?" interjected Posey.

"If that proves to be the case, we shall supply ourselves. But we shall not retreat from this place!" Wayne exclaimed.

"What is to become of my force?" asked Scott.

"That is one of the things I called you to discuss. Obviously we cannot move the Legion, at least very far, but we can scrape together enough provision to send the militia on a quick campaign."

For Wayne, this admission of inadequacy was a novel event. To state blandly that his preparations had not been sufficient and that the Volunteers had probably been called out unnecessarily undoubtedly hurt his ego. His self-confidence had been damaged and, contrary to his usual procedure, he now asked his staff for advice.

"Essentially, we must ask ourselves three questions: First, should the Legion, under the existing conditions, continue its forward movement? Second, should the Legion move at least to the site of St. Clair's defeat? Finally, what should be done with the Kentucky Volunteers?"

Wayne paused for his questions to take effect, then noted:

"I wish each of you to answer separately, and, later, to answer to me in writing. Only on thing might be added for what you may consider it to be worth: Governor Shelby of Kentucky has suggested that the Volunteers be used in a campaign to Au Glaize against the Indians."

The request for answers in written form apparently was to guard the commander-in-chief against future criticism. The decision was left to the staff and the responsibility for it, for good or ill, would be bourne by all of them.

None of the militia officers desired to answer the first two questions which were primarily Legionary ones. They also did not favor a move against the Indian Confederacy at Au Glaize which Wayne had suggested. Robert Todd, the newest of Scott's brigadiers, was the most explicit in his answer:

"There does not appear to me to be the smallest probability of succeeding in an enterprise with the Volunteers alone. For such a handful of troops to

oppose the whole force of the enemy which the Legion was not thought competent to deal with without the aid of a great number of militia appears to me quite chimerical."

Wayne was dumbfounded by the language which the brigadier used. This young officer had dared to question the military abilities of the commander-in-chief. At first, the general was moved to "dress down" this upstart, but, thinking it over, realized that the young man's statement, while not very diplomatically phrased, was essentially the truth.

"Am I to understand, sir, that you do not place your trust in your militia?" asked Wayne.

"No sir. I fully trust them, but I do not feel that we can be successful in a campaign which even the Legion does not care to undertake alone."

Wayne turned abruptly to Posey. "What do you think?"

"Frankly, I agree with Todd. However, I'll not pass judgment on the abilities of the Kentucky Volunteers. As for ourselves, I believe we should make out stand here until necessary supplies are brought forward."

Wayne then asked Wilkinson for his comments:

"I agree fully with Posey. Obviously we cannot continue our campaign against the Indians this season. To move forward to the site of St. Clair's defeat would be ineffective and only increase our supply line. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt the Indian morale and might even encourage an attack which there is a possibility we could not presently repel."

Wayne seemed satisfied with the answers and quickly excused his staff. However, as he lay on his bed that evening, he thought of the problem of the Volunteers, as yet unsolved. They would have to be put to some useful task if just to save face. Perhaps he had been negligent in checking on the amount of supplies actually sent forward, but the error had been made, and, insofar as it was possible, had to be mitigated.

By the second of November, Wayne had evolved a plan. He called General Scott into conference:

"What the staff said the other day was true. The Legion cannot move nor can I expect you to accomplish that which I dare not attempt myself. However, your troops must be employed usefully."

"You have a suggestion?" asked Scott.

"Yes. I believe you will find it to your liking and within your power to easily execute," Wayne began.

"At the headwaters of the White River are several Delaware hunting camps. These I would like to see destroyed as they pose a threat to our supply line."

Wayne pulled out a rough map and, pointing with his finger, continued:

"By taking a wide arc bending westward from here, you will arrive at the Delaware camps. After reducing them, you can return to Fort Washington to be mustered out."

Scott studied the sketch intently.

"Are there any landmarks we can watch for to direct our march?" he queried.

"That I don't know," answered Wayne, "but I am sending Wells with you as a guide. He knows the country well and you should have no trouble."

"When do we leave?" asked Scott.

"Tomorrow morning you will move your force to Fort Jefferson. There you will be supplied. Your expedition should be ready for its campaign by the fourth."

The Kentucky Volunteers left on schedule the following morning. Wayne personally was on hand to bid them farewell. He had been somewhat ashamed that he could not employ them to more advantage, but salved his conscience by noting that this limited operation might, in some respects, safeguard the Kentucky borders.

The Volunteers did not share his view. They were disappointed and disgruntled. They showed their feelings upon their arrival at Fort Jefferson by staging a wholesale desertion which might have been terms a mutiny. When news of this reached Wayne, he was heartily disgusted and wrote of the event to Arthur St. Clair:

"There has been a considerable dereliction of the Mounted Volunteers from General Scott's command upon being ordered upon an expedition against a small town of Delawares and a few hunting camps at the headwaters of White River. On the fourth instant his command consisted of 989 officers included and on the fifth he was reduced to 488 total. He is however very superior to anything he will have to contend with. There can be no doubt of success unless a second

dereliction takes place which is not improbable."

Wayne's opinion of the militia organizations had never been a high one and this particular action on the part of the Volunteers only supported his pessimistic view. However, there was no second "dereliction" and the militia was "superior" to anything it had to "contend with" which, according to one journalist was a single Indian who easily made his escape.

Wayne lay in his tent and stared at the white canvas. Almost like a nightmare, the campaign had ground to a halt. What more could he have done? Certainly he had trained his men well. Nobody could deny that. He had raised the morale of the Legion to a fever pitch. No, it was not the men. It was the commander-in-chief who had failed. It was the general himself who had not forced the supplies forward. It was the proud, arrogant, self-satisfied leader of the army who had brought the Legion to this present situation. What now? Wait? Was there any other choice? He turned over on his side, hoping for sleep and momentary forgetfulness. His Excellency, the commander-in-chief, Major General Anthony Wayne, reluctantly submitted to his fate!

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Notes

Wayne's congratulations to his army are included in an order in the Wayne Collection, XXX, doc. 2.

Problems of supply are discussed in the Wayne Collection, XXX, docs. 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 32, 76; and Knopf, ed.,"Journals of the Kentucky Volunteers," entry for Oct. 19, 1793.

Plans for the use of the Kentucky Volunteers as well as the strategy of the army as a whole as in the Wayne Collection, XXX, docs. 54, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 76; and Knopf, ed., "Journals of the Kentucky Volunteers," entry for Nov. 6, 1793.

CHAPTER VIII

WINTER IN THE WILDERNESS

With the Volunteers gone and Wayne's plans at least temporarily shelved, the Legion settled down for the winter at Greene Ville, the name Wayne had officially given to his "Island Camp" November 26, 1793.

At first, this "camp" was little more than a collection of tents and hastily-built breastworks. However, as soon as it became evident that this was to be no temporary stopping place, the entire army was put to work constructing a permanent post.

Greene Ville was no ordinary frontier fort. It was by far the largest of these defense structures in the west, being generally in the shape of a rectangle six hundred yards long and three hundred wide. It was more of a walled town than an army cantonment.

The perimeter stockade, dotted with blockhouses, was fifteen feet high, each log more than a foot in diameter. Behind it ran the banquette, a mound of earth two feet high, thrown against the foot of the logs. Upon this the soldiers stood to fire through the loop holes.

Within the high walls were log buildings of all sizes and descriptions. Soldiers' barracks were a regulation "fourteen feet in the clear and six to a company." Other structures were adapted to particular uses: a hospital for sick and wounded, a laboratory for the manufacture of ammunition, a powder magazine for the safe storage of explosives, quartermaster storehouses for the storing of supplies, and artificers shops for blacksmiths, carpenters, tinners, and various other craftsmen.

For the first few weeks, the men were engaged in building suitable quarters for themselves and adequate defenses for the camp. The work went speedily and, by the end of the first week in November, the major structures were completed except for chinking and plastering.

Once the camp was in order, the men settled down to spend their first winter in the Ohio wilderness. The wet snows and marrow-chilling rains worked hardships on the ebbing morale. Ill-made shoes absorbed the ever-present mud and rotted on the soldiers' feet. The bright autumn harvest of color soon disappeared and the men huddled about their fires. A feeling of loneliness crept over the camp which an occasional letter or quick trip

with a supply escort to Fort Hamilton could not dispel. The high morale which had prevailed when the campaign got under way was no longer evident as the commander-in-chief stood staring out of his window over the windswept parade ground.

For a few moments, he gazed at his dejected army, musing bitterly the turn of fate which had occasioned this situation. Finally, he turned to Hamtramck, who sat idly poking the fire:

"Colonel, if the morale keeps going down at the present rate, I don't know what we're to do. Valley Forge was no worse than this."

He slumped into a chair.

"You know, I though I was a bright, young officer in those days. I had all sorts of wild military schemes, most of which were turned down. Until the past few weeks, I really didn't understand what full responsibilities a commander has to bear."

He paused and laughed quietly.

"You are probably aware that this sobriquet 'Mad Anthony' was not ill-advised or without reason."

Hamtramck straightened up and clasped his hands behind his head:

"Perhaps at one time your nickname was appropriate, but no one who has seen you driving yourself out here would agree."

"Maybe not, but I must admit that I, like my private soldiers, have lost that spark which fired our march from Hobson's Choice."

"Momentarily perhaps," remarked Hamtramck, "but when the weather is warm again and supplies are available, the morale will rise. Don't be discouraged, general, don't be discouraged."

"Colonel, your optimism is unbounded," joked the commander-in-chief, "but when I get a dozen requests for leaves of absence every day, I wonder how long I'll have an army to command. Even Posey is going, and, frankly, I don't expect him back!"

The two men sat in silence for a few minutes. Finally, Wayne continued, more thinking out loud than carrying on a conversation.

"Nineteen officers lost this month, some dead, some resigned, some cashiered. And the men, too. Their enlistments are running out and God knows how they can be persuaded to renew their terms for another three years. I don't blame them. They seldom get paid and what small

pittance they do get is hardly worth investing in a crap game. Seggeants - six dollars - - corporals - five - - private - three. Ridiculous! Over and over again I've asked for better pay, but those damned fools in Philadelphia keep putting me off. Even some provision for soldiers' families or some land bounties would help. God knows, these men who fight and die for this bit of earth have some right to it."

As Wayne talked, his voice became more and more quiet until it finally trailed off into a low mumble; he was day-dreaming. Hamtramck banked the fire carefully and left the room, taking one last look at the commander-in-chief, who hadn't even noticed his departure. He closed the door and shook his head ruefully.

As the general gazed out of thw window unseeing, his mind swirled with his problems of command. The lack of enough men had been evident even before the march began. He recalled how he had written to Knox about calling out the Kentucky militia because his won force wasn't large enough. Some of his own officers had questioned the potential effectiveness of the Volunteers and had wondered about a forward move under such cir-

cumstances. The had cautioned against an advance with such a relatively small regular force.

Wayne squirmed, but, when, almost unconsciously, he recalled that the army had gone forward, the ranks of his oppcnents dissolved from his mind.

The critics were partially right, though. Sickness, especially smallpox recently, failure of the men to re-enlist, and poor recruitment riddled the ranks. Now that time lay heavy on their hands, the men drank too much, quarreled too much, and shirked what small duties they were called upon to perform. The officers were not immune. Small enmities and jealousies festered and became cancerous, growing all out of proportion to their real import. Wayne knew that he himself was not exempt. His own arbitrary actions, once the marks of a martinet-like commander, and thus excused, won him many new enemies, but few new friends. He admitted, privately and only to himself, that his recent support of Edward Butler, his old friend Richard Butler's brother, in opposition to Major Thomas Cushing over a matter of authority had been wrong. Feeling that he had a position to maintain as commander of the Legion, he had not admitted his mistake, but had become more and more irritated by the repeated

protests of Cushing, finally even threatening this major with arrest if his complaints did not stop.

Likewise, he realized that he had been unfair in his censure of Major Doyle at Fort Hamilton for initiating smallpox vaccination without the specific instructions of the commander-in-chief. Certainly, men died from this precautionary measure, but more men died because it had not been administered. Even Wayne finally admitted that and actually permitted innoculation, but Doyle never received a word of apology for the original harsh criticism.

Wayne shifted in his chair and sighed. All of these problems, at least many of them, would have been solved had he been more attentive to the problems of supply. Much better to command an army already victorious in the field than one which had yet to draw fresh blood.

Insofar as was possible, Wayne had supplemented his regular supplies with those purchased directly from frontier producers. Iron and steel were bought in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. Foodstuffs came from local farmers. Pack animals were purchased in Kentucky. He was well aware that many of these suppliers speculated and charged outrageous prices. But he was determined not to retreat, no matter what the cost.

Some private purveyors had even had the nerve to ask that they be able to raise their prices despite the fact that contracts in force did not allow a change in price. This might well have been the reason why Elliot and Williams had been so dilatory. If they could just hold up supplies until their next year's contract was in force, they would realize a greater profit.

"Damned liars," Wayne mumbled, thinking of the contractors. Promises but no actions. Excuses but no supplies. Bah!"

The general was infuriated as he reviewed the history of his provisioning problems. It seemed that the more he demanded, the less they delivered. When he complained of their poor transport facilities, they wrote that they "did not conceive themselves justifiable in undertaking it." Had they not made a contract? Then, by God, they would fulfill that contract or he would get rid of them.

That was easier said than done. Intimidation definitely did not work. Just a few days ago he had written to them: "it is your provision to ACT - mine to DIRECT." They hand't even bothered to reply.

Meanwhile, Wayne had done everything humanly possible to supply the defect. The whole force of the Quartermaster Department had been put in the transport service. Horses were bought, wagon masters imported, and pack saddles made. Still the Legion barely subsisted at Greene Ville. Other posts under his control were in even worse straits. Men were nearly naked and forts fell into disrepair from lack of necessary clothing and supplies. The cavalry horses had been sent to Kentucky for the winter to ease the forage situation.

The clothing problem, secondary, of course, to food, was nearly as discouraging. Poor quality shoes quickly wore out and were slowly replaced. Hats wilted in the rain, and men carrying sides of beef on their shoulders grease-soaked their coats and shirts. Insofar as possible, Wayne legislated against unnecessary abuse of the clothing, but he could not prevent its shoddy quality. Too, many soldiers did not even receive the basic issue of one hat, one coat, one vest, one pair of shoes, and one blanket. A yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia in the late summer and early fall had completely disrupted the forwarding of clothing. What

little was sent was stopped at Pittsburgh for fumigation by smoking.

Wayne shook his head and blinked. The fire had nearly gone out and the winter dampness crept in through every crack and crevice of the log building. Outside the dark shades of evening gray were falling rapidly and the camp-fires showed as splotches of yellow dotted about the landscape. A few flakes of snow blew recklessly about. Wayne shuddered. Another cold night.

Rising from his chair, he limped to the fireplace and poked the dying embers into a bright flame. Bending over, he warmed his hands and called for his orderly to bring his evening meal.

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Notes

Information on the building of Greene Ville is found in the following: Wayne Collection, XXX, docs. 47, 48, 67, 68, 73, 78, 96, 115, 122; XXXI, doc. 37; R. C. McGrane, ed., "Wayne's Orderly Book," in Mich. Pioneer & Historical Colls., XXXIV, 501; Underwood Journal, entry for Oct. 22, 1793; F.E. Wilson, Ed., Bradley Journal, entries for Oct. 17 and Oct. 22, 1793.

The supply situation is treated in the O'Hara Letterbook, ms from the Indiana Historical Society Library (Microfilm, Ohio State Museum Library), 33; Craig Papers, _____; Wayne Collection, XXX, 6, 11, 14, 23, 35, 39, 43, 81, 88, 91, 93, 103, 105, 109, 110, 111; XXXI, 24, 46, 95 (this last includes a plan of the cavalry encampment in Kentucky); XXXII, 80, 93, 110; XXXIII, 11, 51. Knopf, Two Journals of the Kentucky Volunteers, in the Filson Club History Quarterly, _____ entry for Oct. 19, 1793.

All phases of the personnel problem, pay, recruitments, resignations, morale, leave, etc. are treated in the following: Wayne Collection, XXX, 78, 83, 84, 119, 120, 124; XXXI, 2, 4, 5, 28, 35, 66, 68, 71; XXXII, 15, 55, 57; XXXIII, 32; Annals of Congress, Second Congress, 1343-1346; American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I, 199-202; and Journal of Daniel Bradley, entry for Feb. 24, 1794.

CHAPTER IX

THE DOVE OF PEACE SOARS

Damp cold permeated the camp at Greene Ville. Men huddled about campfires. Snows of mid-winter blanketed the landscape. The army seemed to be dissolving as officers resigned and men, finishing their enlistment terms, returned home.

One bright ray pierced the gloom this this uneventful and depressing winter with the arrival of three Delaware warriors on Monday, January thirteenth. Wayne greeted them under a flag of truce.

The commander-in-chief always sought to impress visitors. What was left of the staff was called together, as well as the aides and other retainers. Dress uniforms and glistening boots were a part of the spectacle. Wayne was confident an impression of ceremony, formality, and polished confidence would awe the Indians and do much to further any successful talks. The messengers from the Au Glaize were kept waiting until the federal officers were assembled. Only then were the doors to the large council room of the headquarters building opened and the Indians ushered in.

The scene that greeted them was indeed overwhelming. The officers stood stiffly at attention, flanking the

commander-inchief. Even slovenly William Wells was resplendent in his captain's uniform. Lieutenant Harrison presented the Indians and their interpreter to Wayne:

"Sir," he said, saluting snappily, "these warriors of the Delaware tribes bring a message from the Indian Confederacy. Their interpreter, Mr. Robert Wilson, accompanies them."

Wayne nodded and Harrison stepped aside. He motioned his officers to be seated. He and the Indian delagation remained standing, facing each other over the council table. The general turned to the interpreter and asked:

"Who is the spokesman for this deputation?"

"Stephen Young, sir," answered Wilson.

"Does he speak English?"

"Only a little, sir. With your permission, I shall interpret his message."

"Fine, please proceed," Wayne said. "Tell the other warriors they may be seated."

Wilson turned to the Indians and spoke to them in their native Delaware. Two of them sat down. The third, a tall brave in buckskin, remained standing.

From inside his shirt the Indian, Stephen Young, drew a string of white wampum and handed it to Wayne. The general held it until the formal greetings were exchanged,

then passed it to Hamtramck, who sat at his left. As the Indian spoke, Wilson interpreted and DeButts recorded.

"Great Warriors: We are sent to you by the chiefs of the Delaware, Shawnee, and Miami nations in consequence of a message received from Mr. Wells that you would listen to peace provided Little Turtle and the Porcupine would come to your camp within twenty days."

Wayne nodded in agreement and the Indian continued.

"The chiefs therefore wish to know whether your heart is good and inclined for peace. They wish to assure you that their hearts are all good and that they now wish for peace."

Wayne smiled; Young went on:

"The Delaware chiefs first consulted together and determined to send us to you. They then called in the chiefs of the Shawnees and Miamies and told them of their plan. Branching Tree, Big Cat, Giver of Presents, Great Hawk, Blue Jacket, and Little Turtle were at that council and agreed to the proposal. They now anxiously await our return with your answer and sincerely wish to take hold of the strong belt of peace. They therefore request you to appoint the time and place where they shall meet you in order to settle and agree upon the terms of peace."

At this point George White Eyes rose and presented Wayne with another string of white wampum:

"This is a pledge of peace sent to you by the chiefs of the Delawares, Shawnees and Miamies."

Wayne accepted the wampum, and, noting that the interview was at a close, excused the warriors, telling them that he would answer on the following day.

"Lieutenant Harrison, see that these warriors are properly billeted," he added.

Wayne saluted and his officers stood as the Indians filed out of the room. When the doors were closed, he turned to his staff:

"It seems evident that this extraordinary embassy has come in consequence of our sudden and unexpected possession of General St. Clair's field of battle."

Wayne referred to the building of a post which he called, significantly, Fort Recovery, on the banks of the Wabash at the site of St. Clair's defeat. It had been completed a little more than three weeks.

"However," the general continued, "it is problematical whether the enemy are influenced by a sincere desire for peace or only insidiously trying to gain time. I shall make terms which will test their sincerity. If there are no questions, gentlemen, you are dismissed."

There was silence. The men departed, some expressing happiness over the new prospects for peace, some mystified.

Wayne returned alone to his quarters. For a long time he sat pondering his answer to the warriors. Finally, he began to write:

"Brothers, I have received your verbal message sent by Stephen Young, George White Eyes, and another warrior and have listened with attention to what they have said.

"If peace is your object and the wish and desire of your hearts, why did not you or some of your principle chiefs come forward and speak for yourselves?

"The ears and heart of the President of the United States are ever open to the voice of peace and he has instructed me, his chief warrior, to listen to that welcome voice from whatever quarter it may come, provided from proper authority and the heart."

Wayne went on to ask for proofs of their sincere desire for peace. He demanded that all American or white prisoners be surrendered at Fort Recovery by the fourteenth of February and that all hostile actions be stopped. When these terms were complied with, Wayne said that he would set the time and place for a meeting.

Having finished his statement, Wayne signed his name, folded the paper and sealed it with a wax wafer.

Outside the night was dark except for a sentry's wagging lantern and the glow of campfire embers. The

leaned back in his chair and fell asleep.

How long he slept, he did not know. He sat bolt upright in his chair when a loud knock came on his door.

"What is it?" he called, rubbing his eyes.

"The officer of the day, sir, with Captain Big Tree on important business," was the reply.

"Come in, come in," said Wayne irritably.

The door opened and the officer of the day appeared accompanied by the tall, bronzed Indian.

"What's the trouble, major?" asked Wayne.

"Sir, Captain Big Tree attempted to kill the three Delawares in their hut. Fortunately we arrived just in time."

"What's this, Big Tree?" queried Wayne in astonishment. "Why would you want to murder the messengers of peace."

"Sir, these warriors do not want peace," Big Tree replied. "They desire only time to prepare for war. They deceive you. When the Delawares killed my friend, General Richard Butler, I swore to the Great Spirit that I would avenge his blood by killing his enemies. These Delawares are his enemies."

"Big Tree, you have been a true friend. You have offered your warriors to fight with us against the enemy, but if we must have war, we will carry it on together.

We will not sacrifice opportunities for peace to salve a personal hurt. Go back to your hut. Tomorrow when I give my reply to the messengers, you may also speak to them."

Big Tree withdrew. Wayne detained the officer of the day for a moment.

"Have a sentinel placed near Big Tree's hut. We want no harm to come to the peace messengers."

"Yes, sir," said the officer as he saluted and left the room.

The next morning, Wayne met again with the peace delegation, this time to give his answer. Captain Big Tree, sad and mournful, sat at the end of the table. When the message had been delivered to the warriors with appropriate ceremonies, the general turned to the Seneca chief:

"Big Tree, have you anything to say to these Delaware warriors."

Big Tree nodded and rose. Facing the peace delegation, he said forcefully and deliberately:

"Nephews: I call you nephews because you have always acknowledged us, the Six Nations, as your uncles.

"I am pleased to find that your pride is lowered and that you begin to come to your reason. I will only inform you that the voice of the fifteen fires is the voice of the

Six Nations. Tell your chiefs and warriors to listen to the voice of this great chief. Tell them to comply with his demands if they wish to live to see their children grown up to be men and women."

Captain Big Tree sat down and buried his face in his hands. Wayne wound up the conference:

"Gentlemen, you have my answer. If your chiefs sincerely desire peace, they will comply with my wishes. Good day."

The Indians and their interpreter left the room. Wayne turned to his officers:

"If we are to have peace, we will know it soon. It seems apparent that the confederacy is apprehensive of the approach of our army. Meanwhile, you will instruct all the men not to fire on any Indians unless they first display hostile intentions."

A week later, Captain Big Tree was dead, the victim of his own hand. Despondent over the coming of peace which would keep him from fulfilling his pledge to the Great Spirit, he had committed suicide. A man of simple honor, he felt that he had failed to avenge the death of Richard Butler. The whole camp was shaken by this event. Not only had a good and true friend been lost, but, for the moment, it was feared his suicide would be mistaken for murder by the

Indians and would serve to fire them on to further hostilities. Fortunately no such events occurred.

During the winter, the Indian peace overtures overrode every other consideration of the Legion. Well aware of his supply and personnel deficiencies, Wayne welcomed the possibility of a peaceful solution. Although he was certain the Indian moderation was a result of the recent erection of Fort Recovery,* his egotism did not completely take command of his reason. He admitted that the whole affair might be a delaying tactic on the part of the hostile Indians.

In both judgments, Wayne was wrong! The peace delegation was the idea and responsibility of the Delawares who felt that if they could persuade Wayne to agree to a peace conference, they could then convince the other hostile tribes to cooperate in this venture.

As the days passed and the time for the Indians' reply drew nearer, it seemed that the Confederacy sincerely wished for peace. Attacks on the army and frontier settlements ceased. So convincing, in fact, was the peaceful atmosphere that Wayne tentatively set the first

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* Fort Recovery was built December 23-26, 1793.

of May for the peace conference and consulted former treaties as guides for the expected negotiations with the Indians.

However, as the fourteenth of February came and went without word from the Maumee Valley, Judge Edward Turner's advice seemed sound. This territorial jurist had sagely noted: "To insure peace, we must prepare for war. It is an axiom as old as experience."

By the time of the second month of waiting, Indian depredations began again. They were few and scattered, and Wayne blamed them upon unruly and over-anxious independent bands of savages. The delay, he explained as the result of flooded streams and a difficulty in rounding up the white prisoners. Yet, while there was some hope still left, doubt was on the increase. Major William McMahon was sent on a scouting mission to seek out the Indian plans. His report was encouraging. However, by the middle of March, it was painfully evident that the Indians were going to renew hostilities.

Once Wayne was convinced that the war would continue, he renewed his preparations for the active campaign. As the spring thaws began and the rivers rose, he urged the exploitation of the water routes northward. For a time, supplies were transported by boat from Fort Hamilton up the Great

Miami to the vicinity of Greene Ville. However, the swift currents made such transport slow and hazardous. It further required large detachments of troops to guard the river banks. Yet, the biggest blow fell when the general learned of the renewal of the Elliot and Williams contract for another year. He raged over this unforeseen and unwanted development.

"After all of my complaints and pleading, they do this to me!" he shouted as he waved a copy of the contract in Harrison's face. "How do they expect me to win battles with a starving army! Their past actions have been absolutely criminal and yet I must be plagued with them for another year."

Wayne slumped into a chair, despondent and angry. Harrison sympathized. He could do little more.

"Look at this," Wayne cried, pointing to a section of the bulky contract. "It says that they will deliver adequate rations to the confluence of the St. Josephs and St. Marys rivers. What damned foolishness! If it hadn't been for our cavalry and quartermaster horses, we would have had to retreat from this place long ago. To hell with them." He threw down the paper and paced the room.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to depend upon expedients again," he said, finally, somewhat calmed. "Tell O'Hara to be prepared to transport as much forward as possible. From what I gather from this contract, Philadelphia expect me to wind up this affair this year, but, believe me, Lieutenant,

I'll be lucky if I do. No men and no supplies. What a fine way to fight a war."

Wayne stomped from the room. Harrison picked up the contract from the floor and looked it over. Half aloud, he read to himself:

"A standard day's ration shall consist of one pound of beef or three quarters of a pound of pork or bacon, plus a pound of bread or flour."

Harrison thought to himself: "Fine, if they can get it here." He was recalling how half-starved, sickly cattle had been slaughtered before they could die and how the meat had putrified for lack of salt to cure it.

However, if Wayne was infuriated by the renewal of the contract, he was doubly angered when, by a slip of fate, a letter from Wilkinson to Robert Elliot of the contractors was placed in his hand which indicated that the transport of supplies had been held up intentionally. Yet, still hoping to avoid an open break between himself and his second in command, he said nothing, but redoubled his vigilance.

Wayne's hopes for a solution to the recruitment of new men and the retention of old ones was dealt a severe blow when the army appropriation bill passed in March, 1794. Despite his protests and Knox's continued entreaties, no further inducements were offered for enlisted men. National defense, it seemed, was to be relegated to the state militia, bodies

of citizen soldiers whose principle military training was the hoisting of beer mugs in a local tavern once or twice a year.

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Notes

CHAPTER X

OFFICERS IN SCARLET COATS

Had Wayne fully realized the scope and seriousness of the British machinations among the hostile Indians, he certainly would not have allowed himself to become the dupe of this international intrigue. In spite of his prowess as a soldier, he was peculiarly inept in diplomatic and political affairs. Perhaps his almost blind trust in the peace overtures of January, 1794 was more due to his experience of having an enemy make a direct attack with the sword, rather than a flanking assault with a word.

However, no matter how this situation is viewed, it is fully evident that the commander-in-chief did not correctly evaluate the persuasive powers of the British nor fully know or understand the events which transpired in the Maumee Valley and Upper Canada following the departure of the American peace commissioners the preceding August.

The failure of Lincoln, Pickering, and Randolph was the first of several diplomatic and strategic victories scored by the British in the late summer, fall, and winter of 1793-1794. While Wayne watched his army

melt away and his scanty supplies disappear, Dorchester, Simcoe, and McKee strengthened and encouraged the Indian Confederacy against him.

From late summer until early spring, the British were confronted with the problem of keeping the Indians in an antagonistic frame of mind toward the United States. Successfully, they had kept the United States peace commissioners from dealing directly with the Indians. They had likewise persuaded their aboriginal allies that only a boundary drawn generally from the valley of the Muskingum northward to the lake would be satisfactory. Yet, as time went on and as it became evident that the United States Legion was not going to retreat, it became more and more difficult for the British to keep the Indians in line. More and more they were forced to make large promises and exhibit greater activity in the Indian behalf.

On the other hand, the Indians became ~~more and more~~ increasingly apprehensive of the approach of the American army. In spite of their two resounding victories, they were not confident that they could give the same drubbing to this new force. They knew that it was better trained and better equipped than its predecessors. Most of all, they feared its commander, Anthony Wayne, "the chief who never sleeps."

In view of the growing Indian unrest, steps were constantly being taken to stave off a demoralization of their confederacy.

Two separate but interlocking views motivated the British attitude which found expression in the support of the Indians.

First, the merchants and fur traders were just beginning to reap a profitable harvest from their commercial operations in the Maumee Valley and its tributaries. The potential trade had only been tapped. The luxuriant gust of trading wealth was yet to come.

Secondly, the British administration, in spite of specific treaty provisions, wanted to retain the area north and west of the Ohio River either as an outright possession, or, if not that, as a buffer state between Canada and the United States. George III, in a secret directive issued April 8, 1784, the day before the peace treaty ending the Revolutionary War was ratified, ordered that the border posts within the acknowledged limits of the United States be held. That this view was still held a decade later is indicated by a letter of John Graves Simcoe written in March, 1794: "Should the event of the present Campaign prove unsuccessful to the American Army under General Wayne, I cannot but still hope that the States will open their eyes

to the advantages of a final treaty upon the principles . . . [of] the Muskingtum boundary . . . or any other which will leave a sufficient Interval between his Majesty's Provinces and the American States . . ."

However, British promises were not sufficient to unite the Indians against Wayne. The Delaware peace mission in January, while the expression of the sentiments of only a small group, demonstrates the prevailing confusion.

Seemingly lacking other effective and convincing arguments, the British, during the winter, tried to convince their savage allies that no Indian lands had ever been given to the United States by treaty and that, in effect, a war against the Americans was a war to maintain Indian indepen-- dence. In one council after another, this viewpoint was put forward. Finally, on February 10, Dorchester, Governor-General of all Canada, addressed the Indians, saying, in part: "Children, I flattered myself with the hope that the line proposed in the year eighty-three, to separate us from the United States, which was immediately broken by themselves as soon as the peace was signed, would have been mended, or a new one drawn in an amicable manner. Here also I have been disappointed. I find that no appearance of a line remains; and from the manner in which the people of states push on, and act, and talk on this side, and from

what I learn of their conduct toward the Sea, I shall not be surprised if we are at war with them in the course of the present year."

This statement, which, by the way, worried some of the lesser Canadian administrators because of its inflammatory tone, was, of course, for Indian consumption. Indirectly it pledged British military support if a war broke out between Britain and the United States. To Wayne, Dorchester addressed a letter in which he expressed the hope that the United States would cooperate "in every proper measure to promote a lasting and good understanding between the United States of America and Great Britain."

There is no doubt but that the Canadian administration was caught in a dilemma. While they pushed the Indians to renew the struggle on the one hand, they dared not press the Americans too hard, on the other. While Dorchester told his red allies that he expected war within the year, he also knew that the American envoy, John Jay, was, with some success, negotiating a treaty to work out British-American differences. He further could scarcely ignore the fact that the home government, already involved in a series of costly European wars, could not chance another one on the North American continent.

Yet, one thing seemed certain to the Canadians. If the Indians could successfully defeat Wayne, as they had done so well in the cases of Harmar and St. Clair, the problem of the control of the land north and west of the river Ohio would be solved. Already the struggle had been expensive and bloody to the Americans. That they would make a fourth attempt, providing Wayne failed, seemed highly improbable. With Wayne's hoped-for failure, Britain then felt that a new discussion of more satisfactory boundaries would be in order.

However, as the weeks went on, the Canadian apprehension mounted. The Indians seemed to remain divided despite constantly cajoling. Reports of Wayne's strength (though generally erroneous) seemed to become more formidable. The establishment of Fort Recovery, which Wayne had originally planned to call "Defiance" in December, was but one more threat to British domination of the area. Even the Delaware warriors who had sought Wayne's aid in the middle of the winter heightened the growing suspicion that Wayne not only wanted to reduce the Indians, but also was prepared to take the British stronghold at Detroit. Four thousand men were declared to be cantoned at Greene Ville, and the informant continued: ".. . Wayne and his warriors will drink of our waters early in the spring."

By mid-winter the American plan seemed obvious. It was this: the army would push north as far as possible, take Detroit, and perhaps even invade Upper Canada. The British could tarry no longer. Active steps were taken to defend His Majesty's lands. Simcoe held his redcoats ready and asked that none be taken from his area to serve elsewhere. Militiamen were organized and trained in the vicinity of Detroit.

The crowning act in this bid for Indian unity and support came April 10th. On that day Governor Simcoe selected a piece of land situated on a high bluff overlooking the Maumee River. Here he began the construction of Fort Miamis, a post designed to control the water traffic along the Maumee and the land communication with Detroit. But, most of all, it was tangible evidence to the Indians of Britain's apparent decision to give them armed support.

A better position could not have been chosen. Not only did the fort have tremendous strategic value, but it was in the midst of the Indian Confederacy, a symbol of British loyalty. Nearby lived Colonel McKee. A few miles up the river were Roche de Boeuf and Grand Glaize, the two great council centers of the Indians. Along the margins of the valley were thousands of acres of cultivated fields.

On that Thursday afternoon, in April, 1794, Simcoe,

his cockade hat in hand, stood on the edge of the bank, high above the river, and observed to his fellow officers:

"What a commanding spot! Not a single boat goes along the stream which would not be under the guns of a post established here."

He turned to Lieutenant Robert Pilkington, his chief military engineer:

"Look, Lieutenant, these ravines to the right and left can be used as defenses as well as passages for supplies to be brought up from the river. They will have to be regularized and deepened a bit, of course, but they will save many hours of work."

McKee, who had been listening, now broke in:

"I agree, this is a fine spot, Governor, but how do you plan to defend it? Wayne may come by either land or water."

"McKee, that is a small problem," replied Simcoe. "A battery dug in along the bank will control the river, and a couple of large bastions will adequately hold off any attack from the land side. We'll use larger guns than General Wayne can possible bring with him, probably 18 and 24 pounders."

Simcoe then turned back to Pilkington:

"Sir, I leave you with your detachment to begin the work. As soon as I get back to Detroit, I shall send out

some reenforcements."

The lieutenant saluted and Governor Simcoe, Colonel McKee, and their aides made their way down the steep path to the sailboat that awaited them on the river. As Simcoe stepped aboard, he looked up some seventy feet to the top of the bluff where the detachment stood and waved farewell. The boat slipped quietly down the river and disappeared around a bend.

That day the British had taken a firm step. They had established a new post within the boundaries as established by the Treaty of Paris, 1783. But if they thought that it would deter Wayne and hearten the Indians in a successful contest, they were to be sadly disappointed. The post, stategically placed as it was, was destined never to be defended, never to be attacked.

CHAPTER XI

PRELUDE TO VICTORY

The winter snows melted, the streams rose, and the warm spring breezes wafted over Greene Ville. Life was renewed and refreshed. There was a rebirth in nature and a resurrection of the human spirit which had lain dormant here in the wilderness during the winter.

The commander-in-chief breathed deeply of the fresh, warm air. The men, too, seemed to be re-vitalized as they hurried about their work in the camp. Wayne stood on the steps of the headquarters building enjoying the spectacle of the bustling camp before him.

"Sir," called a major, "you sent for me?"

Wayne looked down. Major Doyle had taken him by surprise.

"Yes, Doyle, yes," he said. "Come into my quarters."

The major climbed the steps and followed Wayne into the dingy recesses of the building. He nodded to Harrison and DeButts who were preparing the orders for the day, then walked on into Wayne's private quarters. The general closed the door.

"Sit down, Doyle," he said, waving the major to a chair.

"I was glad you happened to be here right now," Wayne began. "I've an assignment for you which is of tremendous importance."

Doyle sat erect in his chair; Wayne cleared his throat and continued:

"As you probably are aware, George Rogers Clark is gathering some of the Kentuckians together for an expedition against the Spanish settlements on the Mississippi. He hopes to get them to open the river to Kentucky trade by force and on his own."

Wayne paused, then went on:

"Frankly, I don't know whether he'll get enough men together or not. However, in any case, such a move would be considered an insurrection against the United States government as well as an invasion of Spanish territory. I have been ordered to stop it."

"And how do I fit into the picture?" asked Doyle.

"I'm going to send you with a detachment down the Ohio River to Massac. You will fortify that place and cut off Clark if his plan gets under way. Of course, I realize that you couldn't stop his force by yourself, but you will be in a better position there to get information than I am here. At the first sign of disturbance, you are to send an express to me. Don't worry, I'll send troops to your relief if you need them."

Doyle nodded in understanding and Wayne went on:

"I've chosen you particularly for the job as you are one officer in whom I can place great trust. Believe me, these days one must pick his men carefully."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Doyle, "and I know what you mean by trust. A good many of these Kentuckians want to break away completely from the union."

"That's precisely the point, Doyle," said Wayne. "Just the other day one orator in Lexington actually said that he wished that Britain would be Kentucky's neighbour on the Ohio. Even Governor Shelby was there."

"Have you any more instructions?" asked the major.

"I'll send more detailed orders within a few days. Shaylor will relieve you of command at Fort Hamilton. Your own detachment will consist of one hundred men and I might send Captain Guion with a few more later."

Wayne paused, then:

"One final word of warning: Remember you are there primarily to get information, not to fight a full-scale war. Leave that to me. I shall expect you to report periodically. Good luck and a safe journey."

Wayne rose and shook hands with his major. Doyle saluted and left the room.

"There's a good man," Wayne thought as he turned back to his desk.

With Spanish possessions on one side and British on the other, Wayne felt rather uncomfobtable. If Clark succeeded in mounting his expedition, the British and their Indian allies would become even more solidly intrenched in the Northwest Territory. Wayne's legion was not large enough or strong enough to fight a two-front war. Rjmon had it that the Spanish were trying to get British aid in the expulsion of the Americans from the frontier and Clark

might well strike the spark which would bring on a disastrous military conflagration.

Wayne unrolled a map of the region which lay north of Greene Ville. It was the result of various scouting operations carried on from Fort Recovery.

"Here is the best route for sending supplies forward," he noted to himself as he ran his finger along the river courses and over portages to the Maumee Valley. "But there still seems to be no good ground over which to march an army."

The rivers and short portages were fine for small detachments, but the Black Swamp appeared as an impenetrable barrier for the movement of large numbers of men and vast amounts of equipment.

"The Indians trails will never do," he mused,"but we'll find a way."

He walked to the door and called an aide.

"Harrison, prepare orders for Gibson at Recovery to constantly keep out scouting parties to locate a safe route for the army into the Maumee Valley. We've got to have more than pathways."

"Yes, sir," said Harrison, as he turned to leave.

"Just a minute, lieutenant," Wayne called. "Look here," he said, pointing to the map. "We can established posts at Girty's Town, Loramie's Stores, and near the old Miami Village of Pickawillany to handle the supply problems by water, but

we can't send the Legion by such a restricted route."

"No, sir," Harrison agreed, "but do we have enough troops to garrison posts at those points?"

"Unfortunately not. Even if Scott brings a thousand of his Kentucky mounted militiamen, we'll have scarcely enough men to begin the active campaign."

"We may not even get that many," commented the aide.

"Perhaps not. Shelby informs me that his men do not have a relish for this type of service. But I have an answer for that: if they don't come out voluntarily, I'll draft them."

"Maybe we won't have to depend on them," Harrison noted.

"No, I just received news of the new appropriation bill passed by congress. It seems as though a standing army is no longer necessary. Militia will take its place."

"Militia!" exclaimed Harrison, incredulously. "Why, the Kentucky Volunteers are among the best, and even they couldn't be trusted alone."

"That's the point Knox and I tried to make, but without success," replied Wayne, "so it looks as if we'll have to make use of any man we can get."

Wayne sighed: "They have created a new corps of artillerists and engineers, but it is supposed to guard the Atlantic coast."

"That's fine," said Harrison. "If the front door's locked, they'll come in by the back way."

"Captain Bradley pretty much summed up the manpower situation this morning when he wrote that 'if something is not done to fill up the army, we shall not go forward or even stay where we are.'"

"Is the situation really that bad?" asked Harrison.

"Not really," said Wayne, "the core of the Legion will remain in tact throughout the summer, but we'll need a good deal of reenforcement if we are to have a successful campaign."

The commander-in-chief settled back in his chair and Harrison was about to leave.

"Lieutenant, before you go, send McMahon here. I want him to take a convoy of supplies to Recovery in the morning."

Harrison nodded and left. Wayne picked up his map and continued scrutinizing it.

McMahon's detachment of some one hundred and forty men set out on Sunday morning, June twenty-ninth, for Fort Recovery. By mid-afternoon the destination was reached and the supplies stored in the blockhouses. The convoy camped just south of the post. Three hundred unloaded pack horses, securely tethered, grazed nearby.

Early the following morning, Major McMahon was awakened by loud cries and the sharp crack of muskets. He rushed from his tent.

"What goes on?" he shouted at Captain Hartshorn.

"Don't know, Major. Sounds like an Indian attack!"

"Form the men into battle position. Quickly, Captain, quickly!"

McMahon slipped into his trousers and pulled on his boots. In a moment he was in the midst of the battle.

"Torry," he called to the cornet commanding the cavalry, "get your men together for a charge into the woods. Craig, form your riflemen."

Quickly formed, the men ran into the woods with fixed bayonets. The cavalrymen, with slashing sabres, plunged through their own lines and swung madly at Indians hiding behind trees and underbrush. In the rear of the enemy forces stood Matthew Elliot, urging on the savages' attack.

The cavalry charge was soon over. The Indians attacked from the fonrt and flanks with increasing fury. Half the dragoon force which made the initial attack retreated under heavy fire.

"Hartshorn, Craig, pull in your lines. Try to make it back to the fort. Quick, but orderly!" McMahon commmanded. "Torry, move your corps up the creek, north of the fort. Hurry before we're cut off!"

The cavalry wheeled off, cutting back through the infantry lines. Hartshorn, signaling his men to fall back, grasped his leg and fell to the groun, his thigh shattered by a well-aimed shot. Lt. Craig, commanding beside him, fell under the relentless fire. Two men caught up his lifeless body and

dragged it toward Fort Recovery. Two others picked up the wounded Hartshorne.

A small detachment under Lieutenant Drake and Ensign Dold rushed from the fort to support the breaking lines. Lieutenant Marks, taking over command of Craig's infantry, called for help.

"My God!" cried Dold as he rushed to Craig's side, "they've got Marks!"

He saw the tall lieutenant struggling with three Indian braves and ran to him, but the lines broke and Marks was dragged into the woods.

As the retreating American lines reached the fort, they crumbled. Packhorses, breaking loose from tethers, added to the confusion. The savages rushed through, driving home their British-made bayonets and wielding their hatchets. From time to time Matthew Elliot's red coat was seen in the rear; he was still urging the Indians to press the attack. With hideous screams, the savages bore down upon the disorganized force, scalping fallen victims as they advanced. McMahon fell as he ordered his men to hold their places.

Lieutenant Drake saw McMahon go down. He immediately took over the command.

"Hold your lines until the wounded are carried off," he shouted. But his order was futile. With a mighty final thrust, the Indians cut the American force to ribbons. The two men with the wounded Hartshorne dropped him on the field and ran for the

the fort.

The gates stood open and the Americans poured in, battling as they went, the Indians close behind. The remnants of the cavalry fled up the creek. As the last man came through, Alexander Gibson, the commander of the fort, ordered the gates closed.

One inside, the men lined up at the loopholes and fires at the besiegers. The cannon in the blockhouses rent the air. The wounded lay blood-soaked on the parade ground, calling for help while the battle raged. The Indians searched under logs for the cannon they had hidden in the area following St. Clair's defeat. They weren't to be found; Gibson had already recovered them.

As nightfall came, the firing ceased except for an occasional stray shot. Through the woods the men inside the post could see the Indian tourches moving as the savages picked up their dead and finished scalping the fallen soldiers. Sporadic cries rang out in the blackness; there was no sign of a retreat. Gibson sent a runner through the woods to Wayne.

"God guide him safely through," he sighed as the port gate closed quietly. The messenger crossed the cleared area unnoticed and disappeared into the woods.

The light gray of early dawn was just breaking when he came panting into Greene Ville. The sentry at the northern gate barred the way with his musket.

"Pass word," he called.

"Pass word, hell," shouted the messenger. "Fort Recovery's

been attacked. I must deliver a message to General Wayne at once!"

The guard dropped his musket and the messenger came through the gate. He fell exhausted on a stool inside.

"Let me get my breath," he said, mopping his brow. "I've been running through the woods since midnight. The Indians, thousands of them, have surrounded the fort and cut off the road. God knows if Recovery is still in our hands."

He picked himself up and ran toward headquarters. The guard on the steps stopped him.

"You can't go in there. The general's still aslepp."

"Then wake him up, Recovery's been attacked!"

The guard wasted no time. He ran into the building and pounded on the commander's door, the messenger close behind.

"What, what," Wayne mumbled, roused by the noise.

"Sir, a messenger is here from Fort Recovery on important business."

"Tell him to wait until after reveille," Wayne called back.

"His business is - - - -" began the guard, but the messenger broke in:

"Fort Recovery's been attacked. Captain Gibson said I was to see you immediately."

The door flew open, framing the commander-in-chief clothed only in his undergarments.

"Recovery, attacked?" he exclaimed. "Come in, boy, sit down."

The messenger collapsed into the nearest chair and pulled out

Gibson's letter from inside his shirt.

Wayne grabbed the paper and read it quickly.

"Guard, wake Lieutenant Harrison and tell him to send a strong detachment to reinforce Recovery immediately."

"Yes, sir," said the guard.

"Wait, wait," called Wayne. Tell him to prepare a detachment, but only sent a scout to see whether they are needed there still."

The guard rushed unceremoniously out of the door.

"Here, fellow, drink this," said Wayne as he handed him a glass of heavily-scented brandy. "It'll give you strength."

The messenger gulped it down like water and gasped in satisfaction when the glass was drained. Wayne filled it up again and questioned him for details of the affair.

Meanwhile, at Fort Recovery, the second day of the battle began. However, by now, the Indians had lost interest. A few cannon fired at the blockhouses, but, by eight o'clock, the battle was over. The Indians departed, failing to capture their prize, Fort Recovery, the symbol of American determination. Captain Gibson immediately informed Wayne of the conclusion of the struggle and noted that reenforcements were not needed.

What Wayne did not know was that this hostile strike was made by the combined force of the Indian Confederacy. Two weeks before, 2,000 warriors had assembled at Nuquijake Town near Au Glaize and had traveled southward intent upon taking Fort Hamilton and thus cutting off Wayne's supply line. However, hearing

of Major McMahon's detachment, they cut westward and thus began the battle of Fort Recovery. Still more important, this was the largest Indian army ever to come into contact with Wayne's legion. Following its failure to reduce the post, it never gathered in such strength again. While the Indians suffered less than twenty men, and the Americans lost some of their best officers, the tide had turned at Fort Recovery. Unbeknown to Wayne, the greatest and most important battle of the Indian Wars had been fought. A British army officer, who had been present with the Indian force at the battle, summarized the action succintly: "Such a disappointment was never met with."

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Notes

CHAPTER XII

TWO FIGURES IN THE NIGHT

The council at Nuquijake Town had evolved a grandiose plan to defeat Wayne. However, the failure to take Recovery had been a blow the Indians had not expected. With food supplies running low, they had eaten their own horses, and, finally, had divided and returned home.

Wayne did not realize then what history has subsequently proved: Fort Recovery not Fallen Timbers turned the tide of the Indian Wars. Here where the Americans had suffered their worst defeat, they had also won their greatest victory. Never again did the Indians regroup in such large numbers. With morale broken, they returned home, many determined not to test the American strength again. Fallen Timbers, which was to come two months later, while necessary for the ending of the wars, was little more than an anti-climax.

There is good reason to believe that the Legion's goal, until just prior to the march, had been the Miamis Indian Villages at the headwaters of the Maumee. However, it became increasingly evident that the British had lured the Indians into the central part of the Maumee Valley. On July seventh, Wayne wrote to Knox that he intended striking at the redskins in the vicinity of Grand Glaize and Roche de Boeuf, famous Indian council areas.

Inpreparation for the forward move, reviews were held, equipment inspected, and last minute reports filed. By the twelfth of

July, the Kentucky Mounted Volunteers were on the march, more than a thousand strong.

On the evening of the fourteenth Wayne called James O'Hara, his quartermaster general, and Edward DeButts, an aide, into his quarters.

"Perhaps this will seem a bit pessimistic to you, but I want you to sign this document as witnesses," he began.

"It's my last will and testament," he explained. "God knows, I haven't much of this world's goods, but such as I have I want to go to my children - just in case I don't return from the campaign."

The two officers sat down at the table and signed the paper at the places to which Wayne pointed.

"You may read it if you want," he said, "but, outside of a few parcels of land, mostly mortgaged to the hilt, I haven't much to bequeath."

Neither man paused to read the lengthy document, but affixed their signatures.

"Your payment for services rendered," he joked as he offered each a glass of London port.

The men relaxed in their chairs. Old Anthony seemed to be in a jovial and talkative mood.

"Just this morning, I heard that the volunteers are on their way forward. As soon as they arrive, we'll begin our march. Supplies are sufficient, if the campaign doesn't last too long,

and the men are being properly equipped."

"How about pack horses?" asked O'Hara. "Will there be enough?"

"I hope so," laughed Wayne. "Lord knows, we nearly bought all of the horseflesh in Kentucky. Howeyer, just to be sure, I've ordered each department to notify me as to its basic needs. I should know for sure how we stand in a few days."

The conversation quickly drifted to other matters. Concern for the business of the moment was dropped. The commander-in-chief reminisced, recalling Paoli, Stoney Point, Valley Force, his experiences as a surveyor, and his policing of the Georgia border. It was nearly midnight when his brother officers left the room. Wayne, not yet ready to retire, sat down and read the latest dispatches from the scouts of Fort Recovery.

"So the streams are low and the bogs dry north of Recovery," he mumbled to himself as he read Gibson's latest report. "That means that our march will be quicker and easier. Oh Lord! don't let it rain!"

For a long time, Wayne had been troubled with the choice of a route northward. The low-lying, flat lands south of the Maumee were pestilence-infested swamps most of the year. Only during the dry season of mid-summer were there passable routes large enough to accomodate large bodies of men. He had waited for this precise news.

By the middle of July, the Legion was fully prepared to march. Packs and wagons stood loaded and ready for the command to move. Only the barest of essentials were kept out for daily use. Nineteen hundred and four enlisted men, far from the full authorized strength of the Legion, waited impatiently for the campaign to begin.

On the twentieth, Wayne called a staff conference. The Volunteers had not yet arrived, but what he had to say would not materially affect them.

"This time, gentlemen, the campaign will not bog down, I promise you," he began. "The men are fully prepared, rations are collected, and our route of march is generally open and free from natural impediments."

As he spoke, he ran his finger over a proposed route from Greene Ville to Grand Au Glaize.

"We'll follow the road to Fort Recovery, then cut off slightly northeast to the St. Mary's. The road cutters are already working. I'm told that the river can be forded in this area."

Wayne moved his index finger in a circling gesture over the spot he was describing.

"From here we'll push across to the Auglaize Valley and thence to the Maumee."

The officers followed his route with interest. He continued:

"Reports say that the swamps are nearly dry and that we'll have no difficulty in crossing the low-lying areas this time of year."

"Will our formation for the march be the same as before?" asked Hamtramck.

"Generally so. The first and third sub legions will form the right column under Wilkinson's command; the second and fourth, the left under yours. Gibson and Springer will command the rifle companies of each column. The cavalry, light infantry, and artillery will serve as a reserve."

"Then the cavalry won't fan out from the main body of the army as usual?" asked Major Winston, dragoon commander.

"Oh, yes. While portions will be in front and rear, others will cover the flanks about 150 yards without the infantry columns. They will move backward and forward on all sides of the army to guard against a surprise attack."

Winston nodded and Wayne continued:

"In case of an attack on any quarter, you are to immediately inform me by runner. I'll be at the head of the Legion, probably with the lead cavalry troop."

"Damned fool," Wilkinson whispered to Burbeck, who sat next to him. "What kind of heroic martyr does he want to be?" Burbeck did not favor him with a reply.

"The disgram here," Wayne went on, "will show your relative positions and expected movements."

He unrolled a large chart, designating each unit's place. The officers crowded around to inspect it.

"You'll find that it is designed for a well-balanced defence. At night, we'll encamp in the same order as on the march."

Truly it was a fine plan. No quarter was stronger than any other, yet each was planned for quick, effective action.

"This order of march and encampment will be published in tomorrow's general orders together with the various signals," he noted.

"In case of serious attack in front while on the march, the Legion will form into two lines. The third and fourth sub legions, which head the two columns, will form the front lines; the first and second, the second line. Attack from the rear will be held off in reverse order, and flank attacks by moving the columns left or right toward the enemy."

"And if attacked on all sides?" asked Wilkinson.

"If that happens, General, and I hardly think it will, the Legion will form into a square with artillery firing from the centre," said Wayne.

"One thing must be kept in mind," he commented, "if attacked or attacking, the entire legion must move against the enemy with rapidity. The Indians must never be allowed the upper hand. We must always keep on the offensive. These savages are only formidable to a retreating enemy. Thus we must attempt to break their lines and scatter them by spirited charges and well-coordinated manoeuvres."

Wayne paused. "Only one note further. Should any corps give way before the enemy, the fire of the artillery and other corps will be directed upon it until it is completely anihilated. A cowardly soldier is worse than no soldier at all. Keep that in mind, gentlemen, keep that in mind."

While the last minute plans were under way, the Pottawatomie prisoner, who had taken part in the assault on Fort Recovery, was brought to Greene Ville. Wayne, particularly interested in the size and strength of the Indian force, questioned him.

"How many tribes were involved in the Fort Recovery affair and how many Indians?" he asked.

"Nine tribes and nearly 1500 warriors," answered the red man through the interpreter.

"How much support are the British giving?" interrogated the general.

"They give us some provisions and ammunition and tell us to collect all our warriors and they will have even more soldiers to reenforce us," said the Pottawatomie.

"Who ordered the attack on Fort Recovery?" asked Wayne.

"The British governor. He told us to take one fort at a time but Recovery was too much for us. We lost over thirty men; the Tawas lost the most."

"How do the Indians feel now that we have repulsed them from Recovery?" Wayne went on.

"They are divided and the Tawas, who lost the most, say that

the Shawnees shot at them from the rear while making the attack."

Wayne's questioning further revealed that the Indians were much divided and jealous of one another. This might work in favor of the Legion. It also might mean a series of battles rather than a single, show-down fight.

Knowledge of Fort Miamis was poor, and later proved to be in error. Yet, the Indian said that the British had promised support and Wayne was left guessing as to how much it would be and how far they would go militarily.

By the twenty-seventh, the Kentucky Mounted Volunteers had arrived, fifteen hundred strong. The army and militia awaited for the signal of advance. Wayne sat up late, writing a last-minute note to Secretary of War, Henry Knox:

". . . the Legion will advance at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, and, in a few days, the issue of the campaign will be decided. Our march will be as rapid and secret as possible. I hope to catch the Indians off guard. While we have a many-headed monster to contend with, yet I have the most flattering hopes of triumphing over all our enemies, both in front and read."

He lifted his quill, thought a moment, then concluded:

"The fates of war are very uncertain, but this I can promise: that my conduct will never require the kind paliative of a friend or cause the great and good man, our virtuous president, to regret the trust and confidence he was pleased to repose in me."

As Wayne wrote, two figures met in the dark shadows under his window:

"Newman?" asked the one.

"Here," answered the other.

The first figure, indistinguishable in the dark, approached.

"Take this letter to Colonel McKee, the British agent at the Maumee Rapids. Your life and the future of the nation depend upon its safe delivery."

The first figure disappeared. The second, Newman, shoved the letter into his shirt and walked off to his barracks.

Wayne, not knowing of the little drama which had taken place under his window, looked out into the clear, starry night.

"Tomorrow will be a find day for marching."

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Notes.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FORT ADAMS INCIDENT

In the first gray dawn, mist-clad figures moved about the camp at Greene Ville. Already the air was dank. The promise of a hot, humid day lay at hand. The shadowy figures moved ghostlike about the camp. Now and then a sharp command bit through the heavy air. When the sun broke through, it revealed an army packed and reach to march. The day of the active campaign had dawned.

Long before the soldiers of the camp had arisen, Major Jonathan Haskell, with a detachment of woodsmen and pioneers, had left the post to build a bridge over the Stillwater and clear the road to Fort Recovery. Wayne was intent upon a quick campaign. Physical hindrances had to be kept at a minimum. By detaching the pioneers and woodsmen always ahead of the main force to clear a roadway, he hoped to facilitate the movement.

As the companies formed for the march, Wayne made a last minute check. The basic load of twenty-four rounds of ammunition had been issued to each man. Five day's rations of bread and beef were packed in the soldiers' knapsacks. Another thirty days provision for the Legion was loaded in the wagons.

"Everything seems in readiness to march," said Wayne as he tapped his riding crop lightly on his boot. "General Scott will detach his scouts to the front line of the federal cavalry. The remainder of the volunteers will follow the Legion in seven columns as a rear guard."

Wayne signaled to his bugler. March order was sounded and the army lumberingly began its advance. As the nearly two thousand federal troops passed through the gates of Greene Ville, girl friends, wives, children, and old comrades waved to them. Hats flew into the air and last minute farewells were shouted. The women rushed forward for a final embrace as their loved ones passed by, then turned away with tear-filled eyes.

Even now, at eight in the morning, the sun beat down relentlessly on the columns of tramping men. They dripped with sweat and slapped at insects which seemed drawn, magnet-like,- to their perspiration-soaked bodies. The pace was tediously slow. The oxen plodded over the rutted, stump-filled roads, while the cavalry horses on the flanks were lacerated by the thick underbrush. The riflemen, carrying their muskets and powder overhead, cursed angrily as they waded through swamps and mosquito-ridden morasses. Yet, by eleven in the morning, eight miles has been covered. A halt was called. The men dropped in their steps and the pack animals stood lathered. The rest, however, was but momentary, and three more miles were gained before the day's advance came to an end on the banks of the Stillwater. Haskell and his pioneers had already erected a small bridge of logs over the sluggish stream. Wayne called Burbeck to him:

"Major," he said, "before dusk I want the camp fortified. Have a breastwork of fallen trees constructed and dig redoubts at the corners and on the flanks. A space six hundred yards square should do the trick."

At that moment, General Wilkinson rode up, sweaty and begrimed from the heat and dust of the march.

"You may go about your duties, Burbeck," said Wayne as he waved him off.

There was a moment of silence as the major saluted and departed. Then Wayne continued:

"You look fatigued, general," he said, turning to Wilkinson. "Let's dismount and sit a while."

The two men got off their horses; Wilkinson nimbly and the commander-in-chief with obvious difficulty.

"Damn," he swore, as his feet hit the ground.

A fallen tree trunk nearby furnished them a rude bench. Wilkinson wiped his moist face with a handkerchief as Wayne fanned himself with his hat.

"The march has gone rather well today," commented the senior officer.

"Nearly ten miles," sighed Wilkinson.

"Eleven," said Wayne. "I've had a man counting the revolutions of the wheels on the six-pounder all day. We've come nearly eleven miles by accurate measurement."

There was a difficult pause, then Wilkinson noted:

"General, don't you think we're moving too fast. The men on the flanks are falling far behind the center columns, and the baggage wagons are nearly four hours in our rear."

"Wilkinson," said Wayne, "I know we're moving fast. I am well aware that the manoeuvring is sometimes difficult, but we

can't lessen the pace. Our hope for victory lies in surprise, and surprise demands fleetness. I'm much more inclined to risk raids of small, incidental parties than to sacrifice our chances to anihilate this foe of ours. Besides, we have only a month's stores in advance. We've got to keep moving, general. I see no other alternative less than retreat itself."

Wilkinson was noticeably annoyed by Wayne's stubborness, but saw little point in pressing him further. The commander-in-chief noted his displeasure and added:

"Never fear, general, if anything goes awry, it'll be my responsibility, not yours."

Wilkinson rose, saluted, and departed. Wayne walked haltingly to the place where his tent was being erected. 'Round about the men were busied cutting trees, constructing redoubts, and digging holes in the marshy ground to obtain good water to cool themselves and quench their thirsts. By five o'clock the last of the baggage had arrived and the first day's march was over.

At five the following morning, the advance was resumed. Considering the terrain and difficulties of travel, the troops moved rapidly, perhaps too much so. One officer, noting the stragglers and fatigue of his men, remarked that the Legion "marched as if in pursuit of a flying enemy."[2]

However, Wayn'e early and speedy marches were not without reason. Besides the intent to surprise the enemy, he wished to complete the ardours of covering the wilderness by the time the

sun of mid-day and afternoon beat down. Still, the heavy and overloaded supply and baggage wagons, each carrying 16,000 pounds, found the pace hard to match and consistently fell behind.

At noon, the troops passed Fort Recovery. The blockhouse cannons fired a booming salute. A mile farther down the road, the army halted, pitched camp, and the second day closed. The men were completely fatigued. When the officers complained of the swiftness of the march, Wayne countered them by stating that it was the shortest he had ever made. Yet, there was no denying that the first two days had been a real torture for the men, not accustomed to such rigorous activity and continual discomfort.

By the dawn of the third day, the army was in better spirits. The order of march was more nearly kept than previously, perhaps because of the frequent halts caused by the pioneers who could not cut the road fast enough. At mid-day, during one of these halts, Wilkinson approached the commander-in-chief:

"Sir, don't you think we should slow down and be prepared for battle a t a moment's notice? The woods seem full of Indians."

"Have you seen any?" returned Wayne, sarcastically.

"No, but the men report signs of them," answered Wilkinson.

"Yes, I know. There have been parties on our left flank all day. Yet, if they felt strong enough to attack us, they would have done so before now."

Wilkinson was not satisfied with Wayne's light-hearted response. He mounted his horse, and, riding back to his command, commented to an aide on the follies of the commander-in chief:

"That man doesn't even know what's going on with the rest of the army. Most of the time he spends riding with the advanced scouts. If the army were attacked, he'd never be able to get back to command, provided he wasn't ambushed first."

By three in the afternoon, the Legion had reached Beaver Creek. Wayne rode along the low bank of the swampy morass, looking for a place to ford.

"Lieutenant Strother," he called to the officer in charge of the pioneers, "is there any place to cross?"

"IFraid not, sir. The stream is nearly five feet deep and a hundred yards wide. Looks as if we'll have to build a bridge."

Wayne turned to his bugler:

"Sound the halt."

To Strother:

"Find Major Burbeck and have hâm help you throw a bridge across. It need not be a wide one. Just enough to accomodate the wagons."

If there was a current in the creek, it was inperceptible. The bed was boggy and over-grown with marsh grasses. The men tasted the rancid water and spat it out.

Nearly the entire next day was spent in building the bridge. When completed, it was over a hundred yards long, but only fourteen feet wide. The pilings groaned and creaked as the wagons passed over.

Again the pioneers under Lieutenants Strother and Vance were sent ahead to cut the road. The next stop was to be the St. Marys River. With them went one hundred and twenty Kentucky Mounted Volunteers as a guard. The army remained on its old encampment for another day.

That night, the thirty-first of July, Wilkinson stopped at the commander-in-chief's tent. The old general sat on a small, wooden stool adjusting the bandages on his legs.

"Good evening, Wilkinson," he said in a more pleasant tone than usual. "What brings you here?"

Wayne pulled up his long white stockings and clipped them under his knee breeches. He glanced up at Wilkinson questioningly.

"I just happened to see a light burning in your tent and decided to drop in for a friendly chat," replied Wilkinson.

Wayne was not deceived. Wilkinson never came around just for a friendly chat.

"I notice that the bridge over Beaver is completed," Wilkinson went on. "That means we'll take up our advance in the morning."

"Uite so," said Wayne. "There is nothing to delay us between here and the St. Marys. Strother informs me the road is nearly all cut. March order will be as usual."

Wilkinson sighed and sat down on a small stool opposite Wayne.

"By the way, a man deserted today," he said off-handedly.

Wayne looked interested but not surprised. Desertions were not uncommon, though they were not usually numerous on an active campaign.

"So," he commented. "From whose company?"

"From the quartermaster survey crew," replied Wilkinson. "Some of the men saw him go off into the woods but didn't follow because they thought he was going hunting. His name is Robert Newman."

"Well, no great loss," said Wayne. "The Indians probably have the poor devil's scalp by now. A man is a damned fool to desert in this wilderness."

Wilkinson agreed, and then went on:

"About tomorrow's march, general. How are the scouts to be deployed?"

"What do you mean: how are the scouts to be deployed?" said Wayne, his face reddening with irritation. "Why the same as usual, of course."

Wilkinson had come to give advice and Wayne wanted none of it.

"Don't you think they ought to be sent out six or seven miles ahead of the main body of troops?" asked the second in command.

"And why, sir!" Wayne demanded. "They function very effectively where they are."

"That may appear so, but if they were well in advance, we could be be ter forewarned of an Indian attack."

"You may be right," said Wayne, "but we'll continue our march in the usual formation. Parties so far in advance could be easily taken. Then we'd have no warning at all. We'll march as usual, general, as usual."

Wilkinson was visibly agitated by this rebuff. He got on his horse and rode off angrily. Wayne, laughing to himself, pulled on his boots and went out to make a last inspection of the bridge across the Beaver.

At day-break the army resumed its march. Like sand running through an hour glass, the men poured over the narrow bridge. Within a few hours, the Legion entered a large prairie, fully two miles wide and nearly eighteen long. For the first time since the start of the expedition, Wayne saw his entire force.

At noon the army cut across Harmar's old road and shortly thereafter arrived on the south bank of the St. Marys River. The stream was shallow and the federal troops waded across with little difficulty. However, the marshy terrain on the north side was not fit for encampment and the river was recrossed. This last maneuvre threw the whole force into great confusion. Men were separated from their companies. Units got mixed, and conflicting orders added to the tumult. Only after an hour and a half of disorder was the army once again formed, though

many stragglers spent the afternoon looking for their companies.

Unfortunately Wayne was not present when this incident occurred. He had ridden ahead with Major Burbeck to pick a site for a garrison. His absence at such a crucial moment brought harsh words of criticism. Even the usually mild-mannered James O'Hara, the quartermaster general, commented that Wayne was commander-in-chief, pioneer, scout, quartermaster, and adjutant all rolled into one. Had a large force of Indians chosen this moment to attack, the federal army would have been extremely vulnerable. Fortunately there was no savage assault.

The following day a two-blockhoused post was laid out on the south bank of the river. As Wayne and Burbeck supervised the preliminary operations, William Wells, the chief scout, joined them:

"Mr. Wells," said Wayne, "have you found us a safe path to the Auglaize?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "There is a direct route from here which should be an easy march for the Legion. I tried to take an Indian captive to get information, but failed."

"That's all right," said Wayne. "Better to know our route than to capture a warrior. You'd better check with Lieutenant Strother and instruct him to put his men to work. We're going to be delayed here a few days to build a post. In that time, he should be able to get the road cut."

"Where's the post going to be?" queried Wells.

"Right there," said Wayne, pointing to a spot on the river bank which was already being cleared of underbrush and trees..

"I wouldn't put it there," said Wells.

"And why not?" asked Wayne indignitly. "We need a post here to control the St. Marys. Major Burbeck and I have personally scouted the whole area. That is the best spot."

"You might get flooded out," said Wells. "In the spring and fall the river rises quickly and covers most of this area."

"Pooh," expostulated Wayne. "There's not a sign of flooding around here."

"As you will," replied Wells, "but never say you weren't warned."

In spite of Well's cautioning, the fort was paid out, and for the next two days the entire Legion was engaged in cutting logs and erecting the blockhouses. The only rest came at the end of the day when the men plunged into the waters of the St. Marys or went upstream to drop their hand-made brush nets into the water to catch pike and salmon.

On the afternoon of the second day, Wayne, tired from the exertions of the expedition, rested in his tent. About him the trees crashed to the ground as the woodsmen provided the basic materials for the fort. The chop, chop, chop of the axe lulled him into a semi-sleep. Then, all at once, there was a loud crash, followed by a tearing of canvas. A trunk of a large

beech tree came hurtling in upon him. There were cries for help, but the commander-in-chief lay stunned and unconscious. Men lifted the trunk aside as Dr. Allison appeared. The physican felt for the pulse. It was faint, almost gone. However, there were no broken bones; only a few abrasions. A volatile drop or two was administered, and the general, aching and bruised, regained consciousness.

"He's all right," Allison pronounced to the crown of by-standers, "but it was close. The limbs of the tree broke its fall."

By evening Wayne was sitting up on his cot. The natural weapon of his near extinction lay nearby. Harrison, his devoted aide, sat at his side.

"Lieutenant," Wayne commented, "the thought occurs to me that someone dropped that damned tree on me on purpose."

"There are those who might," replied Harrison.

"At any rate, I shall not forget Fort Adams," said the general as he lay back on his pillow.

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Notes, continued:

CHAPTER XIV

THE GRAND EMPORIUM

The next day, as the army halted on a prairie north of Fort Adams, one officer of the right wing wrote a few notes in his journal.

"Lieutenant Underhill . . . is left in command of Fort Adams with forty invalids and cripples. His situation is such as to excite the sympathy of those who feel. The blockhouses are neither chunked or roofed, without doors; . . . the stockade not half finished; the timber on the opposite side of the river, and at a considerable distance . . . Should the enemy reconnoitre our abandoned camp in the course of the day, Underhill and his party must be sacrificed, as the fort stands on the ground of encampment. This officer is so sensible of his forlorm situation that he expressed in despair to Major Burbeck and Dr. Carmichael a wish that the Indians would immediately come and tomahawk himself and his detachment to prevent him from cutting his own throat."

James Underhill's new command was not an inviting one. Wayne had even forgotten to leave a supply of ammunition at the St. Mary's post. Only Burbeck's thoughtfulness supplied this defect.

The previous evening Wayne had talked over the situation with Underhill.

"Lieutenant," he said, "we've come a long distance from Fort Recovery. Our base here is extremely important to the

success of the campaign as a link in our chain of supplies and communications with the rear."

He leaned back on his cot. The pain resulting from his "accident" coursed his body.

"While I don't plan to follow Harmar's road to the Miami Villages, the army will be there within a few days," he went on. "When we establish control there, this post will have even greater importance, placed strategically as it is."

Wayne closed his eyes tightly as the miserable throbbing shook his body. In a moment he was again composed.

"At all costs, this post must be held. Unfortunately we are short of men. Your command will therefore, necessarily, consist only of invalids and cripples."

Underhill, who up till now had listened without outward sign or comment, let his mouth fall open in amazement. Wayne caught the distraught expression.

"Yes, lieutenant," he said, sensing that Underhill was overwhelmed with the idea of commanding the post, "the command is to be yours."

The subaltern did not appear to be mollified, but had been struck momentarily dumb with the seeming fantasy of the whole idea of holding a post without able-bodied men.

"Never fear, the men I'm leaving will quickly recover and, at most, you'll not be over a day or two's march from help in case you need it."

Wayne rubbed his thighs, a characteristic gesture.

"You'll be able to finish the stockade without too much trouble. The logs are cut. You can let the chinking of the blockhouses go until later. In a way, I hate to leave you in this situation, but we must keep the army moving. We've tarried here too long already."

Underhill's look of astonishment had changed to concern.

"Is that all, sir?" he asked, rising to leave.

"I think so," said the commander-in-chief. "Formal orders will be prepared before we march in the morning. Remember, this command will take all of your qualities of judgment and circumspection. You can keep in touch with the Legion by messenger."

Wayne smiled and put out his hand. "Good luck!"

"I'll need it, sir."

The firm handshake failed to give the lieutenant even a swift moment of self-confidence.

The delay caused by the building of Fort Adams gave the unit commanders a chance to check their men and equipment. Necessary repairs were made, fire-arms cleaned, and rations issued. At six in the morning of the fourth of August, the advance was renewed.

The army passed through thick underbrush, deep swamps, and narrow defiles. Then it emerged into a series of small prairies rimmed with oak, shell-bark hickory, and beech trees. At the junction of Wolf Creek, the army encamped. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and only ten miles had been covered. Sweat

rolled down the grimy faces of the tired men. The river was so stagnant that holes were dug in the marshy ground in search of palatable drinking water. Wayne dismounted and sat glumly by as the camp was fortified for the night.

The sun was not yet up when the army took up the march next morning, yet the day was already steamy and close. The lines dragged on, through more swamps and across slow-moving creeks. Cruelly over-burdened pack horses fell, unable to rise, and were unloaded and left to die. Musket balls could have spared their prolonged agony, but the sound of firing might have alarmed the out-marchers. After only twelve miles, camp was made on the banks of Dog Creek, whose putrid water repelled even the most thirsty.

Some of the officers, particularly Wilkinson, were apprehensive at the dwindling provisions. Less than three weeks' supply remained. The march had required far more time than had been expected and the objective still was not in sight.

Undoubtedly the situation worried Wayne, too, but he knew that to turn back now would be to invite disaster, both from the Indians and from public opinion at home. The only recourse was to push on and trust that the objective would be accomplished before supplies were exhausted.

The next day was somewhat cooler, but the march was scarcely more easy. Eight of the nearly twelve miles were through tropic-like swamps bordering the Little Auglaize. On a high bit of ground, the men saw a deserted Indian village, bark and log houses in untended

gardens. Still there was no sign of the enemy. In mid-afternoon, the army encamped on the banks of the Little Auglaize. Wells, returning from a scouting mission, reported they were now within six miles of the Grand Auglaize. The commander-in-chief dispatched three hundred Kentucky mounted militia under the guidance of the spies to Upper Delaware Town, near the junction of the Little Auglaize with Grand Auglaize. They return at evening to report the village abandoned and that the few Indians encountered appeared taken by surprize.

One soldier, apparently more interested in his appetite than in the impending climax of the campaign, wrote in his diary:

"I am informed that we are within six miles of one of their [the Indians'] towns on the Oglaize river, supposed to be a Delaware town. If so, I expect to eat green corn tomorrow."

On the seventh day, the army, moving before six in the morning, marched with new eagerness, at the report of fine Indian gardens from the scouting Kentucky Volunteers. In two hours they were at the Grand Auglaize. Fully a hundred yards wide, the river glided past them with an almost imperceptible current in a tortuous, twisted course. Walnut and sugar maple trees on its banks were reflected in the shimmering surface. Cleared areas for fine Indian gardens were frequent. The men, scrounging through the vegetable patches and corn fields, filled their stomachs and their knapsacks.

General Wayne ordered the right wing of the Legion, under

Wilkinson, across the flat, stone-lined bed of the wide river, and he himself led the greater part of the troops along the west bank. The way was easier now, and ten miles were covered along the broad stream by four in the afternoon. Of all the men and officers, only one seemed discontented. A chronic complainer, he wrote in his journal:

"The old man unfortunately cannot consent to divide the smallest portion of reputation with any officer; he is unwilling . . . to suffer any officer of rank to precede him at any point of his march, - to be first every where, even at an Indian Cabbin, corn-crib, or vinepatch, he deems absolutely essential to the glory of a Commander in Chief and considers every mite of reputation acquired by a subordinate as so much ravished from his rightful pretensions."

No matter how much the conduct of "Mad Anthony" might have rankled in some, the men, severally, were content with stuffed stomachs. They happily bedded down for the night on the banks of Auglaize.

From the time the next advance began at six the following morning until noon, rain fell in torrents. General Robert Todd's brigade of militia crossed the river to reenforce Wilkinson's right wing. At noon, when the sky cleared, the army had reached the confluence of the Auglaize and the broad Maumee. Wilkinson's troops forded the Auglaize and joined Wayne on the promontory overlooking the two rivers. A magnificient view greeted them. The two hundred yard expanse of the Maumee glistened in the light and slapped against

the banks. As far as the eye could see there were cultivated fields of corn. Nearby were the remains of Blue Jacket's house. All about were Indian huts obviously lately abandoned. One soldier, overwhelmed by what he saw, wrote in his diary:

"This place far excells in beauty and in the western country, and believed equalled by none in the Atlantic States. Here are vegetables of every kind in abundance and we have marched four or five miles in cornfields down the Auglaize, and there is not less than one thousand acres of corn round the town."

In a more prophetic vein, he continued:

"This country appears well adapted for the enjoyment of industrious people, who cannot avoid living in as great luxury as in any other place throughout the states, nature having lent a most bountiful hand in the arrangement of the position, that a man can send the produce to market in his own boat."

The troops, hungry for fresh vegetables, scrambled through the fields and gardens to gather as much of the rich harvest as they could carry. Beans were stripped roughly from the stalk and hundreds of pairs of hands groveled in the eath for huge potatoes.

To Wayne, as well as his men, this was a day of rejoicing. For the commander-in-chief, however, it was more a day of triumph. The Legion had arrived in the very heart of the hostile Indian territory without incident. He realized that such a situation could not last long, but he felt now that his swift march, planned to surprize, had been justified. Sitting on a camp stool, oblivious to the

happy chaos about him, he penned his order for the day:

"The commander-in-chief congratulates the federal army upon taking possession of the grand emporium of the hostile Indians of the west. The extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens on the margins of these beautiful rivers show us that they were the work of many hands and affords a pleasing prospect of bountiful supplies of grain and foods as the troops progress toward the lake. The quartermaster general will direct his deputy to issue on gill of whiskey to every non-commissioned officer and soldier belonging to the Legion this evening."

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CHAPTER XV

DEFENSES ON THE MAUMEE

The army was still free from Indian attack. Wayne realized this situation could not last. Certainly the Indians would not submit peacefully. Even if they did, a strong base had to be established here to control both the Auglaize and Maumee rivers, the two main arteries of travel in the region and the principle thoroughfares of the hostile Indians. Wayne's instructions, while not detailed, place emphasis upon the need for strength.

"Burbeck," he said to his chief engineer,"I'll let you handle the details of constructing the post here. I only make one demand; that it be strong and as nearly impregnable as possible."

"I understand, sir," the major replied. "I plan to use the same general configuration as Fort Recovery - - four blockhouses, with three exterior sides and a connecting stockade."

"Be sure to put a ditch around it and cut a deep path to one of the rivers for water supply," Wayne interjected.

"I've planned to run that path right down to the point at the junction of the two rivers. That way, it can only be open from the water side and thus less likely of attack and easier protected by the garrison," Burbeck continued.

"Your fatigue detail is already ordered," the general said. "If more help is needed, let me know and I'll put more men to work. It will parade at noon for your instructions."

"Anything further, sir?" asked Burbeck.

"Just one item. I've requested that the pickets be fifteen feet long and at least a foot in diameter. When they are placed, the stockade will be a good twelve feet high. You can decide whether you want a wooden or earthen banquette for the men to stand on when firing."

Work was begun the next day, but not rapidly enough to please the commander-in-chief. Still aching from his Fort Adams affair and suffering from another attack of the gout, Wayne rode to the center of the construction operations. Cursing hotly and loudly, he said the men must work faster. One officer noted wryly that the general's deportment was "indelicate." That was stating it mildly. Burbeck was caught most violently in his chief's stormy temper.

"Sir," Wayne roared, "are you men going to work or spend another day in idle recreation?"

"But, general, they are doing their best," replied Burbeck quietly but firmly.

"Best!" scorned the commander-in-chief. "In three days with practically no men you builty Recovery. Now, with half the army, you have scarcely begun the blockhouses. Good God, man, we'd all be scalped in our sleep if I ran my army as you appear to conduct this fatigue."

With that, Wayne rode off. He failed to realize that Recovery was built in winter when logging on the ice and snow was comparatively

easy. And there had been no problem of obtaining timber there. Here it had to be dragged over cultivated fields. Burbeck, knowing when to be indulgent of his superior, made no mention of these facts to him.

Nevertheless, the following day, the fatigue detail was augmented and the work showed more progress. The ditches were dug, fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep. The blockhouses and palisades rose quickly and, by Wednesday, August 13th, the major portion of the work was completed. The interior buildings and exterior defenses could be easily finished later.

Wayne had made his plans for the advance down the Maumee. A road was cut along an old Indian trail on the north side of the river and the pioneers graded the approaches for fording the wide but shallow stream by cutting down the banks on both sides. The Volunteers, encamped across the river, helped in this operation.

Still more important though was the need for a knowledge of the Indian position and plan of battle. Wayne selected Wells and McClelland, his best spies and scouts, for this mission. The party consisted of seven men. Their instructions were simple: get as much information as possible, and bring back a prisoner for questioning.

It was a cloudy Sunday morning, August 10th, when the party set out on horseback. As far as the deserted Snakestown, about five miles from the federal camp, the road was cleared. Farther on, the path narrowed and led through deep defiles and thick woods.

No longer were there large stretches of cultivated fields. Only a few Indian farm huts were seen and at nightfall the party reached the foot of the rapids near the trading post of Colonel Alexander McKee, the British Indian agent on the Maumee. They sighted an Indian warrior and his squaw trudging along a narrow path. Two scouts quickly circled through the woods and surrounded them. The Indians surrendered meekly.

Wells, still not satisfied, decided to see as much as possible of the Indian situation for himself. Leaving two men to guard the prisoners, he took the party farther down the river in the vicinity of the British post, Fort Miamis. Observing all that could be seen in the gathering darkness, the party began the return trip. They had travelled only a short distance when they came upon an Indian camp. About twenty warriors sat around a fire. Wells motioned for McClelland to join him, but instructed the others to stay behind. The two rode forward to the edge of the fire. Wells spoke to the Indians in faultless Shawnee. For a moment the Indians seemed startled, but the friendly salutations appeared to calm them. Suddenly they rushed upon the dismounted scouts. Wells and McClelland leaped on their horses and broke away, but Wells was hit in the wrist with a musket ball and McClelland was shot in the shoulder. The men left in the woods covered their retreat, killing three Indians.

Fortunately the savages did not continue the pursuit. The scouts fled to the place where they had left the two prisoners under

guard. The prisoners were placed on horses and the scouts returned to the Volunteer camp, where they stayed that night.

Next morning, Wells, his arm in a sling and his wrist bandaged, reached Wayne's tent. The general was lying on his cot. The gout, which had previously only affected his foot and lower leg now coursed his entire limb. His face revealed his great pain and fatigue.

"Damn it, come in," he called to Wells. "I can't stand to look at your wretched face too long!"

Wells entered and sat down at the foot of the cot. Wayne cried out in wrath:

"Good God, stand up or sit on the ground, but for God's sake, don't rattle me."

Wells stood up and quickly related the outcome of his scouting expedition. He suggested that the Indian prisoners be questioned.

"Yes, it should be done," Wayne agreed. "You and Harrison take care of it. Information should never get out that I am in such miserable shape. Bring the report to me when you're finished and I'll decide what action to take."

Wayne fell back on his pillow, breathing heavily. His eyes, ringed and showing a lack of rest, closed tightly. "Good job, Well," he murmured as the raw-boned scout left the tent.

The interview with the Shawnee prisoner proved most rewarding. There was no doubt that the Indians planned to make a stand against

Wayne's army. Seven hundred had already assembled near McKee's trading post and another four hundred were expected, mostly from the Wyandot and Ottawa nations. In addition, the Shawnee captive stated emphatically that McKee, and his confederate, Matthew Elliot, had promised to add at least one thousand white soldiers. Already Elliot and McKee's son had gone off to get the white soldiers. When questioned about the place where the Indians planned to fight the federal army, the prisoner answered that they would fight at the foot of the rapids.

The interrogators also learned that Newman, the deserter, had informed the hostile Indians of the strength and destination of the American force. As a matter of fact, it was Newman who first told the Indians that Wayne's army was on the move.

When Wells returned to Wayne's tent with the report of the questioning, he found Wilkinson in a heated argument with Wayne over the distance between Fort Adams and the new post which Wayne called Defiance. The discussion was so intense that neither man immediately was aware of Wells.

"General," Wayne was saying, "I've already told you that the route between Fort Adams and this place will never ben used again. Once we get control of the Maumee, we'll send supplied up the St. Mary's to the Miami Villages."

"But, sir, we haven't beaten the Indians yet," replied Wilkinson. "If we don't we'll be cut off before we can get back as far as Adams. Really, we must erect an intermediate post."

"Now, look," expostulated the exasperated commander-in-chief, "we're not going to be beaten, and, believe me, if we are, we may as well all be massacred here than to return home and face the public."

Wayne rubbed his swollen leg thoughtfully, then continued:

"As to cutting rations now, I see no use in it. As a matter of fact, if we do and word of it gets to the Indians and British, we admit our weakness. No, general, we'll continue to issue full rations and depend upon the success of our swords and bayonets to supply possible later deficiencies."

At that moment, Wayne looked up and saw Wells.

"Come in, captain, come in."

Wells sauntered in and handed the notes of the interrogation of the prisoners to Wayne. He read them quickly.

"Do you have any idea how much specifically this fellow Newman told the British and Indians?" asked Wayne.

"Only that the regular army had about fifteen hundred men and the Volunteers an equal number."

"He hit that pretty close," commented the general. "How about armament? Did he tell them what we had with us?"

"According to the Shawnee, Newman said we had twenty-two small and two large cannon."

Wayne laughed. "That estimate is somewhat high, but it will make the Indians the more fearful of our might."

"I wonder where than damned rascal is now?" Wayne mused.

"If you mean Newman, eneral, he has gone to Detroit," Wells volunteered.

"I notice that the Indians expect a considerable augmentation of their force from white men," Wayne said.

"They have requested that all the white men interested in trading and the British soldier, particularly those at Miamis, help them," returned Wells. "The Shawnee says some Indians even suggest the British will do the major part of the fighting."

"Small chance of that," replied the commander-in-chief. "I don't believe they would risk it. But, we must be prepared to meet them if they do choose to take such an ill-advised step."

Wilkinson had said nothing, but had listened intently to Wells' report. Now he turned to Wayne.

"Now that we know where they stand, what do you propose?" he asked.

"For one thing, we've got to leave here as soon as possible, preferably before all of the Indians get collected," Wayne replied. "However, I still think we should give them one more chance to make peace."

"If you do, sir, you will make a serious mistake," said Wilkinson. "As I told you the other day, the humility of these savages will be in proportion to our own independence. There can be no doubt that the motives behind any move you make for peaceful settlement will be misinterpreted by both the Indians and British."

"I'll grant that there may be some truth in your argument," said Wayne, "but I am still determined to give them one more chance

for peaceful settlement. If they scorn such an offer and think it a sign of weakness, the chill of our bayonet blades will convince them of their error."

"Prepare the prisoners to be sent back to the Indians with a message from me," Wayne said, turning to Wells. "Miller can go with them."

"Miller,'" fairly shouted Wilkinson in astonishment. "Why, he might be a traitor himself, for all we know. After all, he lived with the Shawnees for nearly fifteen years. And he was taken as a prisoner, he didn't come in voluntarily."

"I have confidence him him," said Wayne. "That is enough. Tell Harrison to report to me to prepare a message to the Indians."

The following day, August 13th, Christopher Miller, with the Shawnee warrior, left Fort Defiance under a flag of truce. The squaw, Wayne decided to retain as a sort of hostage. With them they carried Wayne's proffer of peace. Actually it was no more than an invitation to meet with the warring Indian chiefs and an assurance of their safe conduct to and from Wayne's headquarters. However, to overcome any though that this might be interpreted as a sign of weakness, the commander-in-chief noted that the army was immediately starting its march down the Maumee.

Wayne had planned to take up his advance the following day. Already the Volunteers had been ordered to Snakestown. Btu the General's gout prevailed and Dr. Allison, the surgeon-general, told the army on the 14th, that Wayne was in agony and unfit to be

moved. As much as possible, his pain was relieved by a liberal use of spirits.

Wayne was not to be thwarted and on the 15th, still in great pain, some said in delirium, he was lifted to his horse and the army was once again on the move. Fort Defiance was nearly completed and in a good state of defense. Major Thomas Hunt was left in command.

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NOTES

CHAPTER XVI

VICTORY AT THE FALLEN TIMBER

Wayne's determination to strike swiftly overrode his own critical health. Firm in his conviction that no man, not even himself, should hinder the advance of the army, he ordered the march to continue on August 15th.

The weather was clear and cool when the first troops forded the Maumee a short distance above Fort Defiance. It was five in the morning. The men were in high spirits. Shielded from the view of his soldiers, two officers lifted Wayne carefully into the stirrups. His immediate staff, the only ones who observed the scene, looked on both pityingly and fearfully. They were apprehensive should his command, at this crisis, devolve upon lesser shoulders.

As the march got under way, their fears appeared somewhat justified. After crossing the river, the army became confused and later the columns moved so closely together that the ranks were sometimes inter-mixed and disorderly. Swamps and woods of white oak, walnut, and sugar maple added to the difficulties of the advance. The main force followed the north bank of the Maumee, while a brigade of the Kentucky Volunteers, the dragoons, and riflemen of the right wing followed the south side.

Wayne appeared completely oblivious to the difficulties of the march. His remarks to his officers seemed deranged and incoherent; some felt that at times he was delirious. Even when Captain Edward Butler, the acting surveyor, erred in

directing the route of march, the commander-in-chief took no notice. At ten in the morning a halt was called and the encampment made at Snakestown. Wayne was in a state of extreme exhaustion. He was lifted from his horse and laid prone on his cot, too fatigued to give the general orders. Only a verbal command to the quartermaster to put the men on half rations of flour issued from his field headquarters.

The following morning, Wayne felt better, but still demanded the constant attention of his aides. However, at noon, a halt was called. The general could endure the pain no longer. He was helped from his horse and laid on the ground to rest.

During the halt, Christopher Miller returned with the reply from the Indians. It was short and to the point: the warriors appreciated Wayne's solicitude for their welfare, but would have to discuss their acceptance of his invitation to peace talks among themselves. Would he stop building posts and remain at Fort Defiance for ten days while they made their decision?

The message did not impress the commander-in-chief, though he noted that had he received it while still at Fort Defiance, he might have waited. As it was, however, he would continue the advance. He saw no reason to send an answer. Certainly Indian scouts, watching the movement of the army, would know his decision.

An hour's rest and the march was resumed. For hours the army traveled ten miles across swampy plains and over short,

steep hills, and pitched camp at the nineteen-mile tree from Fort Defiance. The whole force was again together, the detachments having crossed over from the south side of the river.

The marching signal sounded the next morning at half past seven. The day was clear and not overly warm. The advance excited the men and Wayne felt better, though he still could not stand alone, nor could he mount his horse without help. Yet he took a greater interest in the movements of the troops about him. It was evident he was improving when he reprimanded an officer who had dealt high-handedly with an artificer. That was more like the old Wayne!

The army covered nearly fourteen miles that day, the seventeenth, and encamped at four in the afternoon at the head of the rapids. On its right flank, the Maumee widened to nearly six hundred yards, appearing like a flooded meadow. On the left were high, wooded banks that caused much trouble for the troops marching on that side. There were traces of former Indian habitations.

However, the absence of houses and signs of habitation did not mean that the Indians were ignorant of Wayne's approach. Constantly the scouts saw recent signs of Indian horses and on this particular evening scounting bodies of Indians and Americans accidently ran into each other in the dark woods. A few shots were exchanged, but both sides retreated to their respective camps before serious damage was done by either party.

The following morning the army was on the march again about seven fifteen. Now the country became less familiar and the pace slower. The brush with the Indian party the previous night made the men more cautious as they tramped through the woods and thickets. Every tree was a possible Indian hiding place and every patch of high weeds a potential spot of fearful ambush.

The nine-mile advance was halted at one-thirty in the afternoon. The scouts reported the British post only about six miles ahead. The Indians could not be far off. Now was the time to prepare for battle. Here the commander-in-chief decided to build a small but strong post where he could store his excess equipment.

The site selected was on the north side of the river opposite Roche de Bout, long famous council spot of the Indians in the valley. Nearby were the ruins of a trading post once operated by the French. Mature apple trees told Wayne that at one time this was the center of much activity. Here the rapids [redacted] ended, and the river became smooth and placid. Unknown to the Americans, a detachment of British soldiers, stationed at Roche de Bout to spy on the Legion, moved back to Fort Miamis. They had witnessed enough!

Because of his scanty knowledge of the land ahead, Wayne sent a heavy detachment of nearly five hundred Kentucky Volunteers

on a reconnoitering mission. General Charles Scott, command of the militia, feared such a large force might bring on a general engagement. Wayne was enraged at such a suggestion. He told Scott that if he followed instructions to divide the force so that one body covered the other, no such thing would occur. Hamtramck, sharing Scott's concern, left the meeting shaking his head. "The old man's mad," he said.

Perhaps this did seem a bold stroke particularly as that very day, one of the scouts had gone far enough ahead of the army to be able to report that the Indians were ready to attack. While the Volunteers' foray added nothing to Wayne's knowledge of the enemy deployment, Scott's fears were not realized.

That night the men slept on their arms. When the sun rose on the eighteenth, only nine days' ration of flour was left; even with the men on half allowance they were living mainly on the vegetables found on the Indians' abandoned farms.

On the nineteenth Wayne, feeling better than he had since the army left Fort Adams, arose early, and, by seven, was personally supervising the construction of what he called "Camp Deposit," actually little more than a rectangular stockade. The right wing, as a fatigue detail, did the work.

Constantly harrassed by Wilkinson, Wayne agreed to re-form the army for the remainder of the forward movement. It would henceforth march in two lines by companies with the dragoons and

light infantry in the center to serve as a reserve, to penetrate as occasion might demand. Riflemen were to cover the flanks. However, in the late afternoon, Wayne changed the order and returned to his regular formation: a central column of artillery and baggage, flanked by columns composed of the left and right wings of the Legion. The Volunteers, divided into three groups, covered front, left, and rear. The Maumee River protected the right.

By late afternoon Fort Deposit was nearly completed, but the hard-driven men who had built it were exhausted. Wayne had planned to resume the advance in the early evening, but was compelled to remain halted because of the fatigue of the right wing men. Deposit was put under the command of Captain Zebulon Pike, garrisoned by one hundred regulars and one hundred Volunteers. Sub Legionary quartermasters also were assigned there.

Morale was still high in the excitement of impending action. Only a few shot miles lay between the army and the British stronghold of Fort Miamis.

The advance, set to get under 'way at six in the morning of the twentieth, was delayed an hour by rain. Later, the sky cleared and the sun beat down on the moving columns. As the bulk of the baggage had been left at Fort Deposit, the soldiers carried only two days' rations, blankets, and their arms. Progress was steady but slow. On the river plain, the land was flat, swampy and thickly wooded. High ground on the

left, paralleling the Maumee, was cut with deep ravines and steep hills. By eleven o'clock only four miles had been covered.

Nathan Hayward, an army physician, gave the first alarm. On a high knoll overlooking McKee's house on the east side of the river, he saw a body of horsemen advancing rapidly across a prairie toward the army. At first he thought that they were Legionary cavalry, but quickly realized they were Indian riders. The the mounted militia, the outriders, retreated, panic-stricken, toward the forward lines of the main body of troops, hotly pursued by the Indians. Bugles sounded. Drums throbbed.

The right wing under Wilkinson formed quickly, the First Sub Legion to the left, the Third to the right. Guarding the flank on the river was Captain Uriah Springer's battalion of riflemen. Between the Third Sub Legion and the riflemen were two troops of cavalry, Webb's and Campbell's, and a company of light infantry. The wing front extended eight hundred yards.

In the center was Wayne with the artillery, baggage, small units of infantry, and a few cavalrymen. To the left was Hamtramck's wing, the Fourth Sub Legion in front, the Second behind to support it. General Scott rode with the rear guard of Volunteers under General Barbee, while General Todd covered the left flank and Major Price's unit formed the forward elements ahead of the main body.

So sudden was the charge from the left side of the Indian

line composed of Wyandots and Ottawas and so quickly did Price's militia give 'way that the army had no opportunity to form into the square, generally prescribed in orders for battle. Captain John Cook ordered his company, who formed the advance guard of the federal force, to fire on the retreating militia. They were so frightened that they refused to halt and literally cut their way through Wilkinson's right wing.

Wayne found himself two hundred yards from the nearest units of either his left or right. The Indian line, two men deep, extended obliquely with the river nearly two miles, its intended purpose obviously to turn the left flank of the Legion and to force the entire body of troops into the river. Wayne had anticipated this very move and ordered the militia on a similar maneuvre against the Indians. When the encirclement failed, the Indians fell back and gave up further attempts to out flank the Legion on the left. Hamtramck's force moved forward on foot across the prairie, once part of Alexander Ammon McCormack's plantation, and into the fallen timbers.

Wilkinson, on the right, ordered the wing to advance, sending in the First Sub Legion, a hundred and eighteen men strong, and the Third about two hundred and fifty. Captain Mis Campbell, re-forming in the rear, charged through the lines of the Third Sub Legion. He advanced too swiftly to gain adequate infantry support; in a matter of moments his troops were annihilated and Captain Campbell fell.

Lieutenant Leonard Covington, with six or eight dragoons, charged in front of the right wing. Wilkinson, seeing him in danger, personally pushed forward and covered him until Lieutenant Webb and his cavalrymen dashed forward. Wilkinson retired, and the cavalry charge went on, pursuing the enemy, now broken and in full flight.

The second phase of the battle began as the Indians fell back across the prairie toward the fallen timber. It appeared that the enemy strategy of leading the American troops into ambush there was working. However, by the time the place of intended massacre was reached, the greater part of the Indians were in confused flight. From the center, Piercy Pope's artillery went to work with canister and, on the left, Hamtramck's wing bore the brunt of the fighting in the fallen timbers, infilading the enemy line with cavalry. Casualties were heavier here than elsewhere. The supporting militia dismounted and proceeded on foot in the maze of uprooted trees.

The Indians had been waiting for this moment for weeks. From as far as New York, friendly bands had come to join them. When Wayne began to make his way through the Auglaize Valley, the Indians knew of his approach and his intentions. Supported by promises of help from the British, they had abandoned their villages and assembled near Fort Miamis. It was their plan to start the battle on the large prairie two miles from their camping place near the British post. Once attacked, they would

retreat to a spot where a tornado had, some time before, knocked down a great many trees, providing, of course, that their first attempt at encirclement failed. By drawing Wayne into the area, they had hoped to effect a general ambush to annihilate the American army.

When Wayne left Fort Defiance, the Indians prepared for battle. As was their custom, they ate nothing on the day they expected to fight. But the federal force did not push forward at the anticipated speed. After nearly three one meal days the chief decided that a lack of food would weaken the warriors; henceforth they would eat regularly. The savages observed this custom as they noted that a man wounded in the abdomen (a favorite target for a bayonet) when his stomach was empty was much less receptive to a mortal bullet than when it was full. Wayne certainly knew of this Indian practice and he may have purposely delayed the attack to sap the Indians' strength. He was capable of that kind of thinking.

Wayne's arrival had come at an inopportune time. Some of the warriors were still cooking breakfast when the federal army was sighted. Others were sleeping. When the firing commenced, not more than a third of the Indian army was on the ground. This fraction of the Indian force attempted to keep Wayne in check until they could be reenforced. Indians, running to join their comrades on the line, found them in retreat and turned back with them. Some ran for the fallen timber, others fled through the encircling cavalry units. Still others plunged into the river and swam to the opposite shore.

Colonel William Caldwell led a group of white settlers of the vicinity and about seventy militiamen from Detroit as a guard to bear the brunt of the American attack on the fleeing Indians. Alexander McKee, Matthew Elliot, and Simon Girty, who had been watching the action from a safe distance, fled ahead of the disorganized Indian forces.

The retreating Indians hoped to find sanctuary and support at the British post. When they reached the gates, red-coated solider, with fixed bayonets, told them to move on. Not an Indian was permitted to enter. Told that if any of them were permitted inside, Wayne would surely attack the fort, they continued their flight down the river.

Wayne was astonished at the comparative ease with which the victory had been won. The general action lasted scarcely three-quarters of an hour, and the entire affair less than an hour and a half. For some unstated reason, he did not follow up the victory, but stopped to pick up his dead and wounded. Only two officers were lost, Captain Robert Mis Campbell, of the cavalry; and Lieutenant Henry B. Towles, of the light infantry, who fell in the first charge. Twenty-six enlisted men, half from the Fourth Sub Legion which led the charge into the fallen timbers, fell on the field. In addition, the Legion listed eighty-seven enlisted and four officers wounded. The Kentucky Volunteers, who had seen little action, lost thirteen men and three officers, wounded. How## many of these were

casualties from the firing of Captain Cook's company is not noted.

Considering the swiftness of the attack and lack of a unified command, these losses were not severe. The Indians lost nineteen dead and about the same number wounded. Significantly enough, ten of the nineteen killed were chiefs, eight from the Wyandots, two from the Ottawas. The Detroit militia, who joined in the fray against the orders of the commandant of Fort Miamis, some seventy in number, lost five killed, several wounded, and one taken prisoner.

Perhaps one of the most hobbible cases of death occurred when the Indians, retaliating for the death of an adopted Charles Smith, clerk of the Common Pleas Court of Detroit who had joined with them and had been shot and quartered alive by the Americans, took one of Wayne's officers and distributed in among their men in pound pieces.

Yet, even with its bloddy aspects, this brief battle, scarcely more than a skirmish, freed the Northwest Territory from Indian depredations and opened it to peaceful settlement.

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Notes

CHAPTER XVII

THE MOP - UP

The Indians had fled in such precipitate chaos that Wayne ordered his men to draw up just short of the British garrison. Further pursuit was unnecessary. Here the army encamped along the banks of the Maumee, just a half mile south of Fort Miamis. While the main body of troops threw up a temporary breastworks, a small detachment reconnoitred the recent battleground, picking up the dead and wounded. The army settled down for the night, flushed with victory.

The following day, Wayne sent Captain Thomas Lewis, an extra aide de camp, with a party of men to reconnoitre the British fort. Other bodies of troops crossed the river to devastate farms and gardens and, particularly, to burn McKee's house, a crude but effective symbol of British domination in the area.

At noon Captain Lewis returned. Wayne was sitting before his tent.

"Well, Captain, what have you to report?" he asked.

"Sir, the fort is a strong one. I'm sure we'd be unable to take it."

Wayne was somewhat taken aback by this apparent show of defeatism.

"Not able to take it? Why so, sir?" he demanded.

"It would take heavier artillery than we have," he began. "The entire structure is a series of high earthworks and deep ditches. Even should our men be able to storm the ravelin, which is the weakest part, they would not be able to gain the citadel without heavy losses. Most certainly we would have to breach the outer defenses first. This is a job for strong artillery. The walls are earthen, supported interiorally by the buildings of the citadel."

Wayne, by now, was interested.

"Go on, go on," he urged.

"Well, sir, the fort is quite ably defended with heavy armament, which, should the British decide to use it, would make siege impossible. There are two large bastions on the land side mounted with heavy pieces, probably twelve pounders, though I could not get close enough to see for sure. On the river-front is a water battery, likewise heavily armed, to control the approaches from that side. Even the entrances to the covered way are commanded by blockhouses set in the ditch which surrounds the entire work."

He paused, then continued:

"Here, I'll show you what I mean."

He drew a diagram of the fort with the point of his sword on the ground.

"There," he said, completing his rough sketch, "you can see just how well defended it is. I don't deny that our force

could possibly take it, but our losses would be tremendous."

Wayne pondered the sketch for a moment, then nodded.

"Yes, what you say supports the information of a deserter from the post who came in just after you left this morning. He's a drummer. He tells us that there are four nine-pounders, six howitzers, two companies of infantry, some cavalry, and Detroit militia stationed there. However, just to make sure, I think I'll have a look at it myself."

The captain saluted and departed. Wayne called Harrison and ordered him to make a small party ready to accompany him on an inspection tour of the British garrison - inspection from the outside only.

Within a few minutes, the reconnoitring party was ready, and, with Wayne at its head, steered toward Fort Miamis. Just as Lewis had reported, the garrison was strongly fortified. Here and there were evidences that it was not yet completed, but those weaknesses were not serious enough for Wayne to decide for siege. Yet, never for a moment, did he or his band appear to be in the least cowed by the strength which the fort presented. Knowing that many unseen eyes were upon them as they rode about the works, they displayed as much arrogance as possible.

Returning to camp, Wayne found Wilkinson waiting.

"General," he said to his second in command, "I've been looking over the British garrison. Much as I would like to, we cannot hope to take it. It is one of those Vauban type of

structures which can only be reduced by heavy artillery. From the work it has obviously taken to build it, I would say that the British expected to stay here for some time."

"So I understand," said Wilkinson. "However, what do we do now."

"Frankly, I'm not sure just yet. The British seem to have orders not to fire on us, and God help them if they did. Yet, our rations are getting low and we should get back to Defiance and send off convoys from there to Greene Ville to replenish our supply. However, a day or two longer on this ground might be of more effect, particularly if the red coats hope to encourage the Indians to renew the battle."

He was about to go on when Captain DeButts ran up.

"Sir! Look coming across the field," he shouted.

Wayne looked up, and, in the distance, could make out a party of British soldiers approaching under a white flag of truce.

"DeButts, go out to the edge of the encampment and find out what they want," Wayne ordered, appearing somewhat irritated at this development.

The captain left immediately. Wayne and Wilkinson watched as the party came nearer. When within easy sight, Wilkinson remarked:

"It looks as if we shall have quite a party of visitors, a sergeant, four privates and ten fifers and drummers."

At the far entrance of the encampment, nearest the British post, the party stopped and an animated discussion ensued. The British officer in charge of this strange detachment was arguing with DeButts. Finally, the captain, leaving the guests waiting, returned to the commander-in-chief.

"General," he said, "the party is commanded by a Captain Spears from the British post who has a message from the commander of the garrison. He refuses to deliver it to me, but requests that he personally hand it to you."

"Very well," said Wayne, "escort him here."

"Such unmitigated arrogance," said Wilkinson.

"Never mine, general," said Wayne, "the officer undoubtedly has his orders and I'm just curious enough to know what his message contains not to delay its delivery."

The strange band approached, led by DeButts. A trumpeter from the Legion announced its arrival. After preliminary greetings of a most formal sort, the British officer delivered an envelope to Wayne. The general hastily opened it, quickly perused its contents, then said to Captain Spears:

"The letter demands a reply, but I shall send it later. You may tell your commander, Major Campbell, that I have received his correspondence."

The British officer saluted and departed. Wayne turned to Wilkinson.

"What do you make of this," he said as he handed the letter to him.

Wilkinson took the note and read it slowly aloud.

"Sir. An army of the United States of America, said to be under your command, having taken post on the banks of the Miami [Maumee] for upwards of the last twenty-four hours, almost within the reach of the guns of this fort, being a post belonging to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain, occupied by his Majesty's troops, and which I have the honor to command, it becomes my duty to inform myself, as speedily as possible, in what light I am to view your making such near approaches to this garrison. I have no hesitation, on my part, to say, that I know of no war existing between Great Britain and America. Signed, William Campbell, Major, 24th Regiment."

Wayne laughed as Wilkinson finished reading the message.

"Seems a bit perturbed, doesn't he?"

"Not perturbed, inpertinent," Wilkinson corrected. "Frankly general, such a note merits no answer."

"Whether it does or not, I have said that I would reply, and I shall keep my word."

Wayne took up a piece of paper and a quill. Handing them to Wilkinson, he said:

"General, let us see how you would answer."

Wilkinson remonstrated a moment, maintaining that no answer should be sent, but, finally, under Wayne's prodding, sat

down and, in a moment or two, composed a short note.

"Here," he said, handing it to Wayne, "this should be sufficient."

The commander-in-chief looked it over quickly.

"This is quite satisfactory. It shall be my answer. Here," he said to Harrison, "copy this off and send it to the good Major Campbell."

The lieutenant took the note and carefully copied it:

"Sir. I have received your letter of this date, requiring from me the motives which have moved the army under my command, to the position they at present occupy, far within the acknowledged jurisdiction of the United States of America.

"Without questioning the authority, or the propriety, sir, of your interrogatory, I think I may, without breach of decorum, observe to you, that were you entitled to an answer, the most full and satisfactory one was announced to you, from the muzzles of my small arms, yesterday morning, in the action against the hordes of savages in the vicinity of your post, which terminated gloriously to the American arms; but had it continued till the Indians, etc. were driven under the influence of the post and guns you mention, they would not have much impeded the progress of the victorious army under my command, as no such post was established at the commencement of the present war, between the Indians and the United States."

Wayne looked over the letter carefully, then gave it back to Harrison:

"Yes, that should serve the purpose. Meanwhile, it is only politic that we stay here another day or two. We have enough provision stored at Deposit to last that long."

Wayne needed have fear of it being necessary to further frighten the British commander at Fort Miamis. The previous evening, obviously distraught over the events which had just transpired, Campbell had written to Colonel England at Detroit. His final comment, "Would to God the Governor himself were here!" betrayed his anxious state of mind.

Wayne decided to follow up his note of the 21st of August the following day by leading an expedition up to the very gates of the British post. With nearly the entire federal army behind him, he rode arrogantly to within fifty yards of Fort Miamis. The troops destroyed everything in the vicinity, even to the burning of hay which had been cut for the cavalry horses of the garrison. The Kentucky Volunteers, under General Scott, continued another eight miles down the river, devastating the landscape as they went. After two hours, Wayne led his men back to their encampment.

"That should throw the fear of God into them," he laughed to Wilkinson as he dismounted. "As a matter of fact, did you notice how weak the front of the fort was. I hadn't really noticed how powrly it was constructed until now. I think with a very little effort we could take the damned place."

He turned to O'Hara, his quartermaster general:

"How many entrenching tools have we on hand, colonel?"

"About three hundred," answered the quartermaster.

"That should be sufficient," commented Wayne.

"You aren't really anticipating taking the fort, are you?" asked Wilkinson, incredulously. "We're a hundred and forty miles from our base, we've a good many men wounded already, and certainly our troops are no match for British cannon."

"Good Lord," said Wayne. "My riflemen could kill every bugger of them who shows his face. Why three of them are a match for any howitzer the British possess and our grenades are as destructive as any ten inch shell."

"Where would we find cover for our bomb batteries?" remonstrated Wilkinson. "If we put them in trenches, the British cannon would tear them to pieces."

Wayne refrained from comment on Wilkinson's objections. Without a word he handed him a letter which he had addressed to the British commander.

"You don't mean to send this," said his second in command after reading it. "To ask him to abandon his post is sure to invite hostilities."

"To be sure," said Wayne, "to be sure."

"Remember, general, if we should attack the garrison, we would certainly incur great casualties, perhaps even four or five hundred. Even if we succeeded in taking it, our victory would be an empty one."

Wayne reflected a moment.

"That's true," he said. "We'll await further developments before we take any action."

The commander-in-chief had not long to wait. The sight of the American army surrounding the post had stirred its commander to further communication.

"Look at this," he said to Wilkinson, passing him the letter from Campbell.

Wilkinson read it slowly:

"Sir, Although your letter of yesterday's date fully authorises me to any act of hostility against the army of the United States of America, in this neighbourhood, under your command, yet, still anxious to prevent that dreadful decision, which, perhaps, is not intended to be appealed to, by either of our countries, I have forborne for these two days past, to resent the insults you have offered the British flag, flying at this fort, by approaching it within pistol shot of my works, not only singly, but in numbers, with arms in their hands. Neither is it my wish to wage war with individuals, but should you, after this, continue to approach my post in the threatening manner you are at this moment doing, my indispensable duty to my king and country, and the honor of my profession, will oblige me to have recourse to those measures which thousands of either nation, may hereafter have cause to regret, and which I solemnly appeal to God, I have used my utmost endeavors to arrest."

"It seems as though our little expedition this morning has aroused some fire in the old boy," Wayne observed. "I'll send an answer at once, but, never fear, Wilkinson, I think we can settle this thing effectively without firing a shot."

Wayne sat down at his writing table and composed a short reply; saying:

"Sir. In your letter of the 21st instant, you declare, 'I have no hesitation on my part to say, that I know of no war existing between Great Britain and America.' I, on my part, declare the same, and that the only cause I have to entertain a contrary idea, at this time, is the hostile act you are now in commission of, i.e. by recently taking post far within the well known and acknowledged limits of the United States, and erecting a fortification in the heart of the settlements of the Indian tribes, now at war with the United States. This, sir, appears to be an act of the highest aggression, and destructive to the peace and interest of the Union. Hence, it becomes my duty to desire, and I do hereby desire and demand, in the name of the President of the United States, that you immediately desist from any further act of hostility, or aggression, by forbearing to fortify, and by withdrawing the troops, artillery and stores, under your orders and direction, forthwith; and removing to the nearest post occupied by his Britannic Majesty's troops at the peace of 1783; and which you will be permitted to do unmolested by the troops under my command."

After getting Wilkinson's halting approval of the note, he handed it to Harrison.

"Lieutenant, send this immediately to the British post, by a sergeant. We will not favor them with an officer as a delivery boy. Tell him to wait for a reply."

In a short while, the messenger was back, bearing a note from Major Campbell. Wayne read it aloud to his assembled staff.

"Sir. I have this moment the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, in answer to which I have only to say, that being placed here in the command of a British post, and acting in a military capacity only, I cannot enter into any discussion, either on the right or imprppriety, of my occupying my present position. Those are matters that I conceive will be best left to the ambassadors of our different nations. Having said this much, permit me to inform you that I certainly will not abandon this post, at the summons of any person whatever, until I receive orders for that purpose from those I have the honor to serve under; or the fortune of war should oblige me. I must still adhere, sir, to the purport of my letter, this morning, to desire that your army, or individuals belonging to it, will not approach within reach of my cannon, without expecting the consequences attending it."

"I think our point has been achieved," said Wayne. "He isn't going to do anything. Let's let the poor devil alone. We'll march for Defiance in the morning."

Wayne paused, then turned to other matters.

"Has the detachment returned from a full reconnoitre of the battlefield in search of our dead?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Captain DeButts. "They are all buried. One man, a Sergeant Edmonson of the Fourth Sub Legion, was found alive, but in such a poor condition that he died soon after being picked up."

"How about the Frenchman, Laselle, whom we captured during the battle," asked Wayne, "has the court of enquiry finished with him yet?"

"No, sir," said Hamtramck, head of the court. "We haven't had a chance to make a full report."

"Wells seems to think that he was forced into the battle on the Indian side, but I have my doubts. I think I'll just look in on the rascal," said the commander-in-chief.

Wayne waived off his staff and, followed by his aide-de-camp, Captain DeButts, made his way to the place where the Frenchman was being held under guard.

"Where is this fellow?" he said as he approahced.

"There, sir," replied one of the guards.

Wayne stalked over to where Laselle sat, his hands firmly tied behind him and his feet fastened tightly to a stake.

"You damned, infernal villain," he said, drawing his sword. "I'll cut off your head."

He swung wildly in the direction of the cowering Laselle.

"I shouldn't have let them wash the Indian war paint off your face. You would have made a pretty picture before the court of enquiry, you and your damned claim of innocence."

Wayne did not wait for protests, but drew away toward his tent. He turned to DeButts:

"Didn't you say we had two men desert to the British this morning?" he inquired.

"Only one, sir," was the reply. "The other was shot as he ran out of the encampment. He died soon after."

"Too bad we couldn't have made it two," Wayne commented as he entered his tent.

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The morning of August 23rd dawned clear and cool. The waters of the wide Maumee lapped peacefully along the side of the American camp. Wayne, sitting before his tent, composed his general order for the day, while round about him the men prepared their breakfasts, curried their horses and readied their equipment.

"The commander-in-chief," he wrote, "takes this opportunity to congratulate the federal army upon their brilliant success in the action of the 20th instant, against the whole combined force of the hostile savages aided by a body of militia of Detroit, and countenanced by the British post and garrison close in their rear beyond which the fugitives fled with disorder precipitative and dismay leaving their packs provisions and

plunder to their encampment in the rear of the post."

He paused, then re-applied the quill:

"The Indians to all appearances having totally abandoned their settlements quite to the mouth of this river, and their villages and corn fields being consumed and destroyed in every direction, even under the influence of the guns of Fort Miamis - facts which must produce a connection to their minds of the savages, that the British have nâither the power or inclination to afford them that protection which they had been taught to expect, but that on the contrary, a numberous garrison well supplied with artillery have been compelled to remain tacit spectators of the general conflagration around them and their flag displayed at the post, insulted with impunity, to the disgrace of the British and to the honor of the American army.

"The commander-in-chief therefore requests the army in general and every commissioned officer in particular from the generals down to the ensigns to accept of his most greatful thanks for their good conduct, example and bravery upon the late glorious and important occasion."

This order was read to the troops when they assembled a short time later, and, at about noon, the artillery pieces fired a salute to the dead who had fallen in the late battle, while the troops stood at attention and the drums beat the dead march.

Following the funeral service, the army commenced its march back up the valley. As the men crossed the battleground,

they spied the decomposing and bloated bodies of dead Indians, left there by their fleeing brethren. At four in the afternoon, they marched into Camp Deposit as a five-gun salute roared in welcome.

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Notes

CHAPTER XVIII

CONTROL IN THE MAUMEE VALLEY

Wayne retraced his steps up the Maumee Valley. This time the march was more difficult. Heavy rains had made the roads into seas of mud. The wagons bogged down and the cavalry horses manoeuvred awkwardly. Each day a detachment was left in the vicinity of the previous night's encampment to watch for plundering ~~bands of~~ Indians. Each day the Indian parties came in; each day a slight but ineffective skirmish took place. Some men deserted. Of these a few safely reached Fort Miamis, but most fell victim to the Indians' scalping, burning, or bartering (the British paid £25 for each American brought in).

The march back to Defiance was ragged and undisciplined. One man, obviously concerned, wrote in his journal: "Still fortune, the blind goddess, favors us. Heaven grant a continuance for in her smiles consists our main dependence."

The wounded suffered most. They had been placed in wagons among the intrenching tools, stores, and other military paraphernalia. As the vehicles bumped over the rutted, muddy paths, the men, helpless, were rolled about, easy targets for the flying and shifting baggage. Fortunately, few of the wounded died on the return journey, though their condition was rendered much worse than it would have ordinarily have been by the careless manner in which they were treated.

As the army moved up the valley, fields were ravaged and buildings burned. Included among the latter was the trading post of James Girty, brother of the infamous Simon. On August 27th, the army arrived on the bank opposite Fort Defiance. An artillery salute, ordered by Wayne, roared from the post. The following morning, Defiance came to the Legionary headquarters.

During the army's absence, the fort had not been completed as the commander-in-chief had hoped it would be. Moreover, having viewed Fort Miamis closely, he wished to reenforce his own stronghold. There was always the possibility that the Indians, perhaps even supported by the British, would attack. Defiance would be the first object of assault. Accordingly, he decided to hold the Legion there until it was properly strengthened.

The original fort had been little more than a strong stockade. However, intent upon making it the equal of its British counterpart, Fort Miamis, Wayne called Burbeck and his artillery officers, explaining his plans for augmenting the present fortifications.

"From what we have observed, the British have heavy artillery," he began. "Defiance, therefore, should be made strong enough to withstand even 12 pounders and 10-inch shells."

"How about defenses against infantry attack?" asked Burbeck.

"A good ditch, say twelve to fourteen feet wide and eight feet deep with a row of facines should serve that purpose well." Certainly such measures should make the post impregnable against the common soldier," replied the general.

"Even though the defenses will necessarily be strong, we should plan for a large garrison," noted Piercy Pope, one of Burbeck's officers.

"Yes, I've already thought of that, I shall only have sick and invalids to man it at first, but quarters must be provided for them. Four blockhouses, twenty-two feet square, somewhat larger than those at Recovery, and some interior buildings should suffice," said Wayne.

"I take it we'll continue to use the twelve-foot pickets for the stockade; that is, twelve feet about the ground?" queried Burbeck.

"That seems to be a satisfactory height," said the commander-in-chief. "The ravelin, which will extend out about ninety feet should have the same size pickets."

The fort was strengthened accordingly. Besides the ditch and the high pickets, the large blockhouses and the protecting fraize of facines, a parapet six feet high and ten feet thick was raised. When the work was completed, Wayne approached the commander of the post, Major Thomas Hunt:

"Well, major, we leave you with the finest fort on the frontier. A handful of men can defend it against a whole army," he commented.

"Yes," agreed the major, "it is a fine work, but what if the British do come?"

"Major, if they pay you a visit, why, turn up your breech to them and tell them to kiss your arse," jovially replied the general.

All of the men were not employed in the construction. Most of them spent their time in fishing, repairing their clothing, and cleaning their arms. Wayne's insistence upon periodic reviews demanded a soldierly appearance at all times.

The commander-in-chief's plans did not include a return to Greene Ville from Defiance. He felt that it was necessary to secure the entire length of the Maumee, and, particularly, to take the area around the Miami Indian Villages at the confluence of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's rivers. Not only would such a stroke result in control of the main water course, but would serve as a morale breaker to the Indians who had earlier defeated Josiah Harmar there.

However, a forward movement depended upon adequate supplies. Already provisions had become so scarce that the regular ration had been completely halted. Forage parties hunted over the old Indian farms and gardens, but as time went on they came back with fewer and fewer foodstuffs.

The contractors had not complied with their agreement. Despairing of dependence upon Elliot and Williams, Wayne sent out Todd's brigade of Kentucky militia as an escort to all of the wagons and pack horses he could find to bring in provisions from Fort Recovery. However, when they returned a few days later, they carried only one fourth of the expected amount, only enough to allow for a half-ration issue with momentary safety. The problem was yet to be solved.

Again Wayne relied on the Volunteers. This time, however, he had few pack horses or wagons to send. Too many had been lost by Todd. Therefore, he offered to pay three dollars per hundredweight of flour to any of the men of Barbee's brigade who would go to Greene Ville for supplies. He also promised that, upon returning to the Miami Indian Villages, where the army would then be, the militia would be discharged.

There was some complaint over this proposition as the militiamen did not want to see their fine horses injured by the flour kegs, but they went accordingly, relying upon Wayne's promises of pay and discharge.

Meanwhile, James O'Hara, the quartermaster general, was sent to Fort Washington to collect and forward all the stores he could find. If the contractors could not supply the [redacted] deficiency, he was empowered to do so himself. Wayne knew that his victory in the field might be negated by a lack of supplies. He could not move back without losing his military and strategic advantage; he could not move forward without provisions for his force. Such was his dilemma. To the contractors' agent, on September 10th, he was specific in his complaint.

"Sir," he said to the meek agent, "I have just had word from General Todd that your firm is again remiss in sending forward supplies. Do you realize that this is the fourth day the men have subsisted on green corn and pumpkins; that they have had neither meat nor flour?"

"Yes, sir," answered the agent.

"Yes, sir! Is that all you can say?" demanded the angry general. "This morning two hundred beef cattle arrived, so small and scrawny that they will scracely feed the army a week. Todd tells me that he has with him only eleven days rations of flour. Don't you realize that the enemy will undoubtedly take advantage of our wretched situation? Don't you know that every time I send back a brigade of Volunteers to do your job, I weaken my force here?"

"But, sir . . .," interjected the agent. Wayne broke in, effectively silencing him:

"The question is, my dear sir," said Wayne sarcastically, "shall the interest and dignity of the nation and this small but gallant army be sacrificed on account of the neglect and imbecility of its contractors? Damn it, it shall not! I have ordered out Barbee's brigade to help us, and God help you if he comes back as poorly loaded as Todd. I'm writing to your Mr. Elliot at once, and, mark my words, if he doesn't see us through, he'll pay and pay dearly."

The cowed agent left the general's tent. There was little he could do about the situation, and Wayne knew it. But the commander-in-chief had to vent his wrath on someone and the agent was the most logical victim. In his own mind he seemed convinced that not

only the contractors were against him, but, as he put it, the "Democratic party both in and out of Congress." Wayne was an old-line Federalist.

Meanwhile, the troops were sapped of their strength by the intermittent fever and ague, common at this time of year. Few died, but the sick lists mounted daily. On the 12th of September, when Wayne asked Richard Allison, the surgeon general, for a return of the sick and wounded, there were nearly two hundred hospitalized.

There had been little information about the Indians since the army's return to Defiance. ~~Daily~~ Scouts had been sent out, but had returned with little or no information. Wayne was convinced that he had broken their will, but had wanted to give them time to talk over their defeat. Now, he felt, was the moment to test his victory. Accordingly, on the 13th he sent off the Indian squaw whom Wells had captured a month earlier. With her went a message in which he said:

"Brothers, summon your utmost powers of attention and listen to the voice of truth and peace. It is now one moon since I addressed you by a flag from this place, inviting you to appoint deputies to meet me and my army without delay between this place and Roche de Bout in order to settle the preliminaries of a lasting peace. I also informed you that the United States loved mercy and kindness more than war and desolation. I likewise requested you to be no longer deceived or led astray by the false promises and language of the bad white men at the fort of the rapids. But you were deaf to this request and to the voice of peace. You again took the advice of

thos e bad white men and in place of meeting me as friends, you preferred war and instead of the calumet of peace you suddenly presented from your secret coverts the scalping knife and tomahawk, but in return for the few drops of blood we lost upon that occasion, we caused rivers of yours to flow.

"I told you that the army of the United States was strong; you only felt the weight of its little finger; I informed you that the British had neither the power or inclination to protect you. You have severely experienced the truth of that assertion. Be therefore no longer blind to your own true interest and happiness, but listen to the voice of peace and permit me how to draw a veil over the late transactions and to bury in deep oblivion and to obliterate from the mind all remembrance of past injuries.

"Brothers: Eight moons are now passed since you sent Stephen Young, George White Eyes, and another warrior with a flag to Greene Ville in order to know upon what terms I would consent to a general peace. I returned for answer that the ears and heart of the President of the United States were ever open to the voice of peace, and that he had instructed me, his chief warrior, to listen to that welcome voice from whatever quarter it came provided it was from proper authority and from the heart. The terms mentioned were equitable, clear, and explicit.

"Brothers: If you now wish for peace and to be restored to the possession of your cultivated lands and hunting grounds come forward

with all the American prisoners now in your hands and in exchange you shall receive all such prisoners as I have belonging to your nations. Appoint a number of your sachems and chief warriors to attedn them, bring with you some of your most confidential interpreters and I hereby pledge my sacred honor for your safe return and for your kind treatment whilst with me. Open your minds freely to me and let us try to agree upon such fair and equitable terms of peace as shall be for the true interest and happiness of both white and red people and that you may in future plant your corn and hunt in peace and safety and that by an interchange of kindness and good offices towards each other we may cement that brotherly love and affection which shall endure to the end of time."

Wayne had played upon the emotions of his adversaries. He had been pointed in his comments about the bad advice given by the British, and was well aware that the Canadians were urging a continuance of hostilities. However, the Indians had lost some of their greatest chiefs in the battle of Fallen Timbers. Other influential Indian leaders, such as Little Turtle, had counseled for peace. This time, Wayne was confident, his overtures would not be ignored. The Indians had been thoroughly frightened on the field and sorely disappointed by the absence of British support.

Wayne knew that there were numerous American prisoners among the Indian tribes. He had been supplied with a partial list of them, some fifty-three, who had been taken as long ago as 1782. Among them was one negro slave. He also knew, from closely examining

Antoine Laselle, the Canadian prisoner, that the Indians, for the most part, wanted peace, and that Alexander McKee had been the principle promoter for war. The trader had noted, too, that the tribes had decided that if they could not defeat Wayne, they would go west of the Mississippi. All of this led the general to suppose that the Indians were in a negotiating mood.

The squaw, mounted on a fine horse, went off, but Wayne did not plan to tarry at Defiance for a reply. Instead he prepared to move further up the Maumee in order to be at the Miami Indian Villages in time to mee Barbee.

On the fourteenth of September the army, with the exception of two hundred sick, marched from Fort Defiance. Again the skies clouded and rain fell in torrents. Because of the low, swampy ground along the river, the columns moved well back from its banks. The woods were thick, and, in a short time, the road cut previously by Captain Kibby's corps and the pioneers, was muddy and nearly impassable. On the seventeenth the force arrived at Harmar's battleground. Nearby were the now deserted Miami Indian Villages. The land was low, generally wooded, but, here and there, broken by large prairies. Here the army encamped.

The following day a site for a post was selected on the south side of the Maumee just below the confluence of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's. Barbee had not yet arrived. The beef was nearly gone. Salt was completely run out. The rain continued.

Ne'ertheless work on the garrison began the nineteenth. The post was to be a regular work, square with two blockhouses. A fatigue of two hundred men from the Legion was detailed to build it.

Meanwhile the other soldiers threw a fish dam across the Maumee as a means of supplementing their diet and the Volunteers began a blockhouse on the river bank, just in front of the garrison.

On the twentieth, Barbee returned. Still supplies were short. Todd was sent back to Fort Recovery in the hope of adequately provisioning the army.

On the eighteenth four British deserters had arrived from Fort Miamis. They reported that twenty-five American deserters had come to the British and that the Indians had burned or scalped six more. One British soldier added that Fort Miamis was being reenforced and Turtle Island, a little distance below it, had been fortified. However, he went on to note that the Indians had decided for peace.

To Wayne this news augmented his feeling that Fallen Timbers had broken the Indian resistance. Obviously the British reenforcements were having little effect on the Indians' decision. To Knox, Wayne wrote a jubliant note of victory on the twentieth of September. He felt sure of a coming peace "provided we can maintain the ground we have acquired." He went on to point out that shortness of supplies and the expiration of enlistment terms of the men might seriously weaken his stronghold in the Maumee Valley.

Part of Todd's brigade returned on the 28th, the remainder on the 30th. The supplies they brought were disappointing, even less than those lately delivered by Barbee. Wayne had no choice. Another escort had to be sent. Only Barbee's Volunteers were available. The regular army men were busy erecting the garrison. Therefore, the following day an order was issued directing General Barbee's brigade to return to Greene Ville for further supplies. Wayne was aware that he had broken his promise to release them following their previous expedition, but he had no alternative. It was either send the Volunteers or move the entire army out of the area and lose the fruits of victory.

The order was received with chagrin and disgust by the Volunteers. The cry went up "home, home!" The men complained that on their previous trip they had killed and injured some of their horses; that they had been promised to be discharged.

So great was the outcry and so many the petitions that General Scott himself intervened. At first he tried to appeal to their sentiments of justice and reason. This failing and the uproar heightened by a surfeit of liquor, he threatened the men with loss of pay and charges of desertion. This had the desired effect and the detachment, grumbling and discontented, set off on the morning of October ~~second~~ 2.

The shortness of supplies had caused wholesale vandalism and a surreptitious selling of goods in private hands at exhorbitant prices. A nnmber of beeves were killed by the Volunteers and

soldiers, stealing whiskey from the quartermaster storehouse, got horribly drunk. An 80 gallon keg of whiskey sold for $80, a sheep for $10, and a pint of salt for $6.

The rain continued. On the third of October it turned to snow. Still work on the 250 foot square garrison continued. More men were added to the fatigue detail. But short rations for man and beast took its toll. The men were weak, and horses, dragging the heavy logs to the construction site, faltered and fell. The Volunteers not on the supply convoy were bribed into ditching the new fort and completing the blockhouse on the bank of the Maumee by an offer of three extra jills of whiskey per day. Boats were built to send supplies to Defiance and though the first, the "Adventure," heavily loaded, sank after hitting a rock a short distance downstream, others were more successfully launched.

Barbee's brigade returned with provisions, still inadequate, on the twelfth. Wayne now had no choice. He must let them return home. Already he had sent his aides to the base posts to prepare for their mustering out. On the fourteenth, the militia started homeward. Despite their near mutiny a few days previous, they had served admirably. The dismal rains continued.

Meanwhile, Antoine Laselle's brother arrived with three white prisoners for ransom. He reported that the Indians were currently in council with McKee and Simon Girty. With the exception of the Shawnees, all were disposed for peace. To Vincennes, Wayne sent word to Captain Pasteur, his commander there, that the Indians of

the Wabash were to be informed of the American victory and to join with their red brethren of the Maumee for peace. The two Laselles, now in Wayne's good graces, left, promising to forward supplies to the Maumee posts at fair prices.

As the rainy and generally gold weather continued, Wayne, himself, weakened. He had never recovered from his injury at Fort Adams and was being troubled with the gout. To his son, Isaac, he had written, in part:

"My own declining state of health requires rest and retirement. I had nearly been deprived of life by the falling of a tree at the St. Marys . . . and was only preserved by an old stump near where I was struck down which prevented the body of the tree from curshing me to atoms. Altho much bruised I have hitherto been able to conduct the operations of the army with success, but with great badily pain. I find that I have been injured inwardly from the frequent discharges of blood and by an almost total loss of appetite. However, for a few days past and from a free use of bark and a partial state of rest, I feel much relieved, but still weak and lanquid, nor can I expect to be restor'd to health unless I pexerience a relaxation from that anxiety and fatigue of body and of mind which I have but too long endured under a choice of difficulties."

News from the outside world came in spasmodically. In western Pennsylvania a group of malcontents, protesting against Hamilton's tax on whiskey, had rebelled. Robert Elliot, one of the contractors,

had been killed between Fort Washington and Fort Hamilton. Jay's negotiations in London were progressing satisfactorily. But Wayne was too ill and too concerned with his own problems to give these events more than passing notice.

Finally toward the end of October, the new post was nearly finished. Hamtramck officially took command of its garrison of six companies on the twenty-second of October and named it "Fort Wayne" in honor of his commander-in-chief. The Maumee Valley now was effectively in American hands. Wayne prepared to return to Greene Ville.

"Gentlemen," he said at a meeting of his staff, "we now can return safely to our base. We'll follow Harmar's route past Fort Adams to Girty's Town at the head of navigation on the St. Mary's, then continue over the road cut from there to Greene Ville. Captain Kibby will leave tomorrow to cover the pioneers who will clear the route and act as scouts for the Legion."

It was Wayne's plan to build posts, when supplies and men were available, at the heads of navigation on the St. Mary's and Miami rivers.

The Legion began its homeward march on the twenty-seventh. The weather was clear and cold, but later became foul and rainy. The troops passed Fort Adams, continued to Girty's Town, site of a former trading post of James Girty, then turned southwestward on Hartshorne's road. At three in the afternoon of November second, to the welcoming roar of the post's cannon, the federal army arrived

home at Greene Ville. Wives, children, and old comrades rushed through the ranks of the marching men to greet their loved ones and friends. Some, finding their husbands and fathers missing, drew away weeping. The men filed off into their own areas and deposited their gear in their huts. The ~~active~~ campaign was over. ~~They had returned victorious.~~

Wayne, standing on the steps of the headquarters building, watching the scenes of reconciliation, ~~[illegible]~~.

"Those men are real heroes, sir, and I'm damned proud of every last one of them," he said to an aide.

He ~~paused, took another look, then~~ limped off to his own quarters. He was fatigued, but it was now a fatigue of contentment and accomplishment.

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Notes

CHAPTER XIX

NEWMAN THE DESERTER

The The return to Greene Ville marked the end of the campaign. Wayne had little reason to believe that the war would be resumed. Continued British efforts to persuade the Indians to renew the struggld were without effect. Even the strengthening of Fort Miamis and the fortification of Turtle Island failed to rally the low morale of the Indian Confederacy. Having sent a message of invitation to the hostile chiefs to attend a peace conference, Wayne now played a waiting game. Given time, he was sure, the Indians would ask for peace.

Meanwhile he had become concerned with another matter of vital importance to his command as well as to the security of his victory. About the first of November he received a letter dated October fourth from John Stagg, Jr., chief clerk of the War Department:

"Look at this," he said, passing it across the table to Henry DeButts, his aide-de-camp.

The captain squinted as he read the fine but legible note from Philadelphia.

"So Newman has shown up. I'm surprised he'd dare leave the British," he noted.

"Some fellow haves an amazing amount of intestinal fortitude," said the general. "But I am surprised he'd come back, especially

as he was the rascal who first warned the British and Indians of our advance."

Wayne pushed back his chair and broke into a low laugh. "I wonder how the boys in Philadelphia feel now that they have clothed him, lined his pockets with specie, and sent him on his way."

Then he became serious. "Well, Stagg has warned Craig at Pittsburgh of his probable arrival. He might receive his just deserts yet."

The deputy quartermaster at Pittsburgh had received Stagg's message and had closely watched for the deserter's arrival. According to the information forwarded from Philadelphia, Newman had left on the Harrisburg stage on the twenty-fourth of September, purportedly planning to go to Pittsburgh, via Carlisle, to rejoin the army.

On the twelfth of October he was discovered on a riverboat preparing to descend the Ohio. He was immediately brought to Craig's quarters in Fort Fayette.

"Sergeant, you may leave now," Craig said to the guard, "but stay just outside the door. I'll need your services again in a few moments."

The guard saluted and left. Craig turned to the prisoner.

"Mr. Newman," he began, "I've been told to place you under arrest and provide for your transport to Greene Ville."

The man before him was tall, slim, and clean-shaven. His black eyes, now opened wide in amazement, peered out under an unruly shock of dark hair.

"And why should I be arrested, sir?" [illegible].

"Because," said Craig, "you are accused of deserting the Legion of the United States during its late campaign."

"But I've explained that all to the gentlemen of the War Office in Philadelphia," he remonstrated. "I was captured by the Indians and returned from Canada by the Canadian authorities. Mr. Stagg himself will vouch for me."

"Mr. Newman, it is from Mr. Stagg that I have redeived my orders to place you under a secure guard and forward you to Greene Ville. General Wayne has reported you as a deserter."

The young man looked at Craig incredulously and innocently. Craig continued:

"If you are innocent, as you claim, you will receive a fair trial and be released. Meanwhile I must keep you in confinement and arrange for your passage to Fort Washington."

Craig summoned the guard and Newman was led away. The War Office was immediately informed of his apprehension.

On the ninth of November, Newman, [illegible], arrived at Fort Washington. On the thirtieth of November, he reached Greene Ville. The following day, Wayne, with only DeButts in attendance, questioned him. A preliminary interrogation on the night of his arrival revealed that Newman was more than a common deserter.

Promptly at nine-o'clock, the prisoner was led into a small room of the headquarters building. Wayne and his aide were already seated. The guard was dismissed. The commander-in-chief pointed to a chair opposite him, and began.

"Newman, I think you are aware that you are here on indisputable charges of desertion. Ordinarily I send such base scoundrels straight before a General Court Martial. In your case, which is unique, I prefer to have a private conference first."

Wayne paused while Newman shifted about in his chair. The general continued.

"I've read your account of your capture by the savages in the Philadelphia Gazette. It's a good story and certainly was convincing enough to save you from earlier arrest. However, you and I know better. I have enough evidence to hang you for desertion and, perhaps, for treason too. Right now I want the straight truth. You can't get yourself in any worse situation than you are now, and maybe you might be able to persuade me to spare your life, though God knows why I should."

Wayne settled back in his chair, gave Newman a piercing glance, then concluded.

"Go ahead. Let's have the real story."

Newman's face maintained its innocent appearance. His unruly hair hung down over his forehead. He began his narrative.

"General, sir, I guess I've got to begin 'way back several years ago when I was living in South Carolina."

He pushed the hair [illegible].

"I met a fellow there named James Hawkins. A real gentleman he was, too, polished manners and said to be a friend of James Washington.

Anyway, we became close friends until he went off to Kentucky. Must have been about thirty-five years old then, a handsome, sturdy fellow."

Newman paused. Wayne turned wonderingly to DeButts, but made no comment. Newman went on:

"Well, as I was saying, this man Hawkins went west to Kentucky - I didn't see him again 'till I met him in Lexington last summer. We renewed our old acquaintance and talked over the future of the west. Finally he asked me to do him a favor. He told me that he had a letter which must get through to the British in order to save the west from destruction. He made me promise not to tell anyone about it."

Wayne's curiousity overcame him, ~~and he interrupted Newman:~~ "You mean he gave you a letter for the British and you failed to tell me of it?" the Journal explained.

"No, sir," said the youngman, "Hawkins said it would be delivered to me at Greene Ville."

"At Greene Ville!" shouted Wayne in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. And it was too. On the night before we left on the campaign, just after I came out of the quartermaster's store and was passing through the gate between the headquarters and adjutant general's, a man called to me and thrust an envelope into my hand."

"Who was the messenger?" Wayne demanded, "and who was the letter addressed to?"

"I don't know who it was. He dressed in soldier's clothing and seemed a tall, well-made man."

"Did he speak to you?" asked DePutts.

"Yes, sir, but only a sentence. He said: 'Robert Newman, your safety alone depends on the security of that letter.' I don't think I'd recognize him again. It was dark and he was only there an instant."

"To whom was the letter addressed?" Wayne repeated his earlier question.

"To Colonel McKee, the British Indian agent at the Maumee Rapids," ~~answered the deserter.~~

"Why did you not bring it immediately to me," asked the general.

"Sir, I thought it was to be delivered for your benefit. Until after I gave it to Colonel McKee, I didn't know it contained trasonable plans."

This was an answer, though not what Wayne had expected, even from one whose life depended on the commander-in-chief's good will. ~~Wayne continued.~~

"Go on with your story," the General said.

"Yes, sir," Newman said. "I left the army the first chance I got, and, a few days later, delivered the letter to McKee. He asked if I knew what it contained, and I said 'no,' as I did not, then. He said that if Hawkins hadn't told me, he wouldn't either."

He paused, then continued confidently, if not slightly arrogantly.

"However, I became acquainted with Matthew Elliot and Major Littlehales. From what I gathered, their plan was to get rid of you, sir, and see that General Wilkinson or a similarly desposed man took

your place. General Wilkinson, it seems, had been in constant contact with the British and was trying to embarrass you by holding up your supplies. This might easily have been done as I think the Robert Elliot of the contractors is a brother of Matthew Elliot, the British deputy Indian agent. [redacted] I think the letter I delivered was from General Wilkinson."

Wayne frowned, but did not interrupt as Newman continued:

"Major Littlehales, Governor Simcoe's man, told me that a scheme was afoot to cut off all the lands north and west of the Alleghanies from the United States. He said it would be a 'happy event' when the west could be unified with Canada. He told me that then the Great Lakes would be open and everyone on the frontier would be happier. The rest of the story you know, [redacted] except that I delivered a letter from McKee to a man in Philadelphia whose name I do not remember nor can I tell you exactly where I delivered it, except that it was near Race Street."

"Just a minute," interrupted Wayne, "you say that Littlehales spoke of a union of all the area west of the Alleghanies. Did he elaborate?"

"Well, he said that the British kept the Indian War going until , as he said, this 'happy event' of a separate empire would come to pass. Mr. Elliot also spoke of the advantages of such a union," [redacted]

"Do you believe that he was correct in his thinking?" Wayne asked.

The question obviously did not aim at an honest answer, at least a sincere one.

"No, sir, I'm all in favor of keeping things just the way they are now," he said.

"I hope so," replied Wayne off-handedly. "Before I excuse you, just one more question: Outside of Hawkins, Elliot, and Wilkinson, did you have any hint that any other Americans were involved in this plot?"

"No, sir, no one but the man in Race Street and the one who handed me the letter to McKee. I wouldn't recognize either of them again, sir."

"And you say that you felt that the British might have tried to bribe General Wilkinson?" asked Wayne.

"That's what I gathered, sir," Newman answered.

Wayne called the guard and Newman was escorted out of the room. The general then turned to Captain DeButts.

"What do you make of it," [illegible]

"Nothing more than a fantastic story," replied the captain.

"Perhaps. God knows he's attained quite a reputation as an accomplished liar. Yet, I'm going to give this matter some serious thought. I trust you will not [illegible] divulge what has occurred here today to anyone. Newman is to be considered simply as a common deserter."

The two men went out into the hall, bade each other "good day," and walked off to their respective quarters.

Wayne muttered to himself as he removed his boots and lay back on his bed.

"Nothing more than a damned fantastic story! This rascal, Newman, has plenty of nerve to appear here now in all innocence after having betrayed us to the enemy."

His eyes wandered about the room, then down to his still swollen and aching feet.

"Damned fantastic it might be, but it also might be true."

His mind wandered back over the months of preparation. He recalled the "Dear Robin" letter from Wilkinson to Robert Elliot; how his second in command had told Elliot to delay the supplies no longer. Suppose these two Elliots were relatives; or, even if they weren't, it appeared that there was some sort of undercover collusion to delay the supply of the army."

A pain traversed his abdomen and instinctively he drew up his knees to dull it.

"Cursed body," he gasped. "When they couldn't stop me supply-wise, they tried to kill me outright."

In his ears rang the chop, chop, chop of the woodsmen at Fort Adams, the sound of a tree crashing over him, and a split second of excruciating pain.

"That was no accident," he [illegible] "I never thought it was."

The pain subsided and he reached for a bottle of [illegible] Madiera which stood on the table [illegible] his bed. His thoughts again reviewed the events of the past few months.

Perhaps Clark's Kentucky plan was tied in with it. God knows there had been enough disloyal sentiment there.

He recalled the report of a meeting at Lexington in which a man had loudly denounced the United States and called for a close tie with Britain.

And Governor Shelby sat through that speech and did nothing about it.

The winter skies of the late afternoon were already turning a dark gray. The commander-in-chief stood at his window gazing into the damp emptiness of the clouded atmosphere.

All the land west of the Alleghanies unified. Might be that those whiskey rebels of western Pennsylvania were also involved.

A far-off bugle blew mess call, but Wayne ignored it. The interview had completely unnerved him. He knew Wilkinson was ambitious and constantly attempting to undermine his command, but until now he had not seriously considered him capable of treason.

He walked back to his bed and soon slumbered off into a troubled, nightmarish sleep.

For nearly a month Wayne pondered the problem. Newman was still under guard but not yet scheduled for trial. Finally, Wayner determined on a course of action. On December 23rd, he wrote to Secretary of War, Henry Knox:

"I consider our present situation rather critical and the information contain in this. . . to be of so serious and delicate a nature as not to be committed to a common or ordinary express. I have therefore charged my first aide-de-camp, Captain DeButts, with their safe delivery into your hands and who will have it in his power

to give you such other and further information viva voce as you may think proper to require and upon whose honor, knowledge, and judgment you may rely."

In the accompanying dispatches, Wayne included a transcript of the Newman interrogation. He called Henry DeButts when they were completed.

"Captain, the dispatches now committed to your charge for the Secretary of War are of very important consequence. You cannot be too cautious and careful of them. You will therefore cause them every night to be laid under your head or in such security as not to afford an opportunity of their being purloined on your trip to Philadelphia."

DeButt nodded understandingly. Wayne continued:

"No doubt General Knox will have some questions to ask. You have my authority to answer them fully and clearly. Being the only one privy to this delicate affair, you are qualified to inform him of any data which I may have inadvertantly omitted from the dispatches."

He shook DeButts' hand.

"Good luck, captain, and a safe and speedy return."

DeButts, duly impressed with his responsibility, left Greene Ville the following day. His departure greatly relieved Wayne, for the commander-in-chief now shared his troubles with the President and the Secretary of War. Action, if any, was theirs to take.

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